



CASTLE  
of

# FRANKENSTEIN

Preview:  
**DINOSAURS  
RULE THE  
EARTH !!!**

**HISTORY OF  
HORROR  
FILMS**

**HEADitorial**

**ROBERT "Psycho"  
BLOCH**







# CASTLE of FRANKENSTEIN

## OPERATING TABLE OF CONTENTS

An Interview With the Author of <b>PSYCHO</b> : <b>ROBERT BLOCH</b> .....	4
<b>WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH!</b> Hammer's excursion into the Goode Oldie Zone when men were men and stoned, and women sometimes looked like Victoria Vettri, Col's <i>Slaymets-Of-The-</i> <i>Month</i> .....	13
<b>CZECH FANTASY</b> Unsexed bearded chicks of the future? It .....	15
<b>DORIAN GRAY</b> American international's updated, modernized version proving they're just Wild about Oscar .....	16
<b>Hammer's THE VAMPIRE LOVERS</b> Strictly in a jugular vein, Hammer comes up with one of the greatest in a long time .....	18
<b>HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS</b> Part 3 and the conclusion of Peter John Dyer's monumental coverage of SFantasy films .....	19
<b>Two Rediscovered 'Lost' Classics:</b> <b>THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM;</b> <b>DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE</b> The long awaited article by the Dean of Cinematographic Exploration, William K. Everson .....	26
<b>COUNT YORGA, VAMPIRE</b> Y' say you never heard of <i>Song of the Yorga Boah-</i> <i>Y'</i> say you never heard of <i>Song of the Yorga Boah-</i> one of Hey, Hey Yorga Girl, and well, here's the one & only eerie undead real-estate magnate who in- spired headlines like 'VAMPIRE STAKES BLDG.'	33
<b>DARK SHADOWS</b> Joe Dante's introspective analysis and review of daytime TV's only worthwhile daily series .....	34
<b>A CASE OF CONSCIENCE</b> by Berni Wrightson Mind-blowing horror graphics in the best tradition by one of the world's finest illustrators .....	35
<b>Latest FANTASY FILM NEWS</b> Award winning department and holder of 2 Mary Shelley trophies as "most thorough fantasy news dept." .....	45
<b>CoF LETTERS</b> Readers react, read & write remarkably, including: Letter-essays on <i>2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY</i> , <i>Fantasy</i> <i>FilmMusic</i> —plus: <i>SON OF ANIX</i> ... <i>POT</i> .....	48
<b>THE FRANKENSTEIN MOVIEGUIDE</b> No publication in the world, devoted to films or related media, carries such a feature! Over 65 SFan- tasy Films covered in miniature article form .....	53

Front Cover: Artist Ken Kelly's idealization of **DARK SHADOWS**, depicting Jonathan Frid and his bosom companion, Moria the Sorceress.

Back Cover: Rare color art scene from Disney's mind-blowing Dinosaur sequence from **FANTASIA**.

## AND STILL MORE CONTENTS

### THE COMIC BOOK COUNCIL

The whole World of Comics, and HEAD COMIX, given the scalp—mercifully, rarely, sometimes sentimentally but without compromise ..... 54

### HEADOTIORIAL

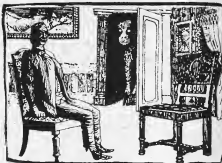
Tearing it like it is, and let the chips fall, etc. .... 58

### LIN CARTER LOOKS AT BOOKS

Letter, Burroughs, Lovecraft, Van Vogt and many more ..... 62

### COLLECTING SFantasy MAGAZINES

Primarily CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN, with valuable instructions (available only in CoF, of course) ..... 64-66



Created, Edited & Published by

**CALVIN T. BECK**

Managing Editor & Layouts:

**BOB STEWART**

Assoc. Editor: **PHILIP B. MOSKOVITZ**

Publisher Emeritus: **CHARLES F. KANE**

Layout Assistant: **FRANK BRUNNER**

EDITORIAL ASSOCIATES: Buddy Weiss,

Jon Davison, Joe Dante Jr., Chris Steinbrunn,

The Marmoset, Dan Bales,

EDITORIAL CONTRIBUTORS: Lin Carter,

Bert Gray, Ron Bonit, Robert C. Roman,

William K. Everson, Mike McKay, Victor

Wisco, Don Glut, Mel Laybourne, Berni

Wrightson, Marc Ricci, Boris Zimjowski.

Business Mgr. **HELEN BECK**

**ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS:** Dennis Prasio,  
Joan Ney, Eric Naumann, Charlie Felsman,  
Vic Ghidella, Gerry de la Rue, Diane Scio-  
mon, Mark Ricci, MGM, UNIVERSAL,  
AMERICAN INT'L, NBC, ABC, WAR-  
NER BROS., Films & Printing.

**CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, Volume 4, Number 4 (whole number 18). Published bimonthly by Gothic Castle Publishing Co., Inc., 508 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. F.R.I.C. contents copyrighted (c) 1971 by Gothic Castle Publishing Co., Inc.

**NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS:** You are indeed encouraged to submit contributions for editorial consideration, since CoF is not a closed shop. However, adequate postage and an envelope should be included at all times. Great care will be exercised regarding the care and attention to all material, but responsibility cannot be assumed for unsolicited works. No part of this publication can be reproduced without the publisher's permission in writing. Anything to the contrary may be regarded as an infringement of Federal and International Copyright Convention laws and subject to prosecution.

**SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION:**  
\$5.00 for 9 issues; \$10.00 for 20 issues; Canada, overseas and elsewhere: \$6.50 for 9 issues; \$12.95 for 20 issues.



THE SKULL

# AN INTERVIEW WITH ROBERT

Robert Bloch has been often described as one endowed with a kind of wit bearing a sting in its tail. Whenever accused of pre-serving an eternal sense of child-ish wonder and having the heart of a little boy, he'll ghostily con-cure by observing the heart is preserved in a jar on his desk. An excellent raconteur and host, his home has housed such great immortals of the genre as Boris Karloff, Fritz Lang and Ray Bradbury. Born in the Midwest in 1917, he was brilliant in school. Still in his early teens, he became a very close corres-pondent with late horror story genius H.P. Lovecraft; the volu-minous letters between them brought Bloch inside the inner core of friends that established the now almost legendary Love-

craft Circle, consisting of HPL as its demigod-head, along with August Derleth, Frank Belknap Long, the Wandrei brothers and Bloch. This was the influence that catapulted him into the pages of *Weird Tales* in the 30s. More than 400 stories, books, TV, radio and screen plays have emerged from his fertile mind, though critics will argue of his tendency to plagiarize himself with a ven-geance, particularly around his Jack The Ripper and "Psycho" type theme; and yet many concur he is one of the best shock-&-fantasy literateurs of the century. Among his screen credits: *PSYCHO* ('60); *THE COUCH* ('62); *THE CABINET OF CALIGARI* ('62); *STRAIT*

*JACKET* ('63); *THE NIGHT WALKER* ('64); *THE PSY-CHOPATH* ('66); *THE DEADLY BEES* ('67); *TOR-TURE GARDEN* ('68). Bloch's TV credits include: *ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS* (some half dozen 1/2-hour segments); *THRIL-LER* (15 stories, some adap-ted by other scripters); *BUS STOP*, *ALFRED HITCH-COCK HOUR* (20, some by Bloch for TV or adapted by others); *I SPY* (1); *JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN* (2). The interview was espe-cially created for CoP by John Stanley who visited Hugo Winner Bloch on two separate occasions for its finalization.

— CTS —



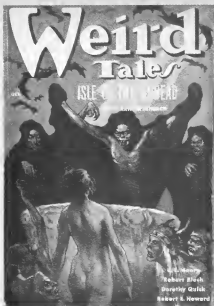
# BLOCH

INTERVIEWER: John Stanley



Group shot of Bloch and *Weird Tales* staff, around 1937 in Chicago. Left to right: Wm. R. Spranger, secretary-treasurer; Farnsworth Wright, editor; Henry Kuttner and Robert Bloch.

*A lonely hillside road—of the kind that usually harbors unutterable horrors for the characters in suspense and terror tales—is the only route to the home of Robert Bloch. As one warily drives the tortuous lane that winds through the Hollywood Hills, searching for unlit street signs and nocturnal pedestrians who tend to loom suddenly out of the darkness, there comes to mind a Bloch anecdote about the killer who threw his murder weapon into a culvert on a lonely hillside road. Later, after he confessed, police searched the culvert—and found not only the gun in question but several guns which, apparently, had been discarded by other murderers with equal dispatch. This road could well be where Bloch got the inspiration for his little tale. And who knows how many other stories of horror and the macabre, for which he has become known world-wide.*



Bearing the proud-  
est and most cele-  
brated name in the  
history of fantasy  
magazine publishing,  
WEIRD TALES' de-  
mise came about  
with the end of the  
Pulp Mag era in  
1954. Established  
in 1923, it became  
a symbol of excellence  
and a Hell of Imagination  
Fence authors  
like Bradbury, Bloch,  
Derleth, Leiber, Love-  
craft, Howard, C.A.  
Smith & Sturgeon;  
artists: Finley, Brun-  
dage, Bok & Ceyre  
Undergoing several  
changes of editor-  
ship in its 275 or so  
issues, Farnsworth  
Wright assumed edi-  
torial control and pro-  
ceeded to mold WT's  
quality from the 15th  
(Nov.'24) issue until  
control passed on to  
Dorothy McIlwraith  
(Jan.'40) who tried,  
usually with efficiency,  
to maintain Farnsworth's  
tradition. Acting as a jewel  
showcase for the  
works of scores of  
highly talented peo-  
ple, the world of  
imagination forever  
will mourn its end.  
Truly, the end of an  
era.

Bloch's residence is modest in design but large in size. There are well-tended shrubs and flowers. All very suburbanite, except for the quiet and the isolation. Bloch comes to the door dressed in a black turtleneck, immediately conveying an air of tranquility. The beginnings of a smile seem to be perpetually pulling at the corners of his mouth, but it only fully emerges on rare occasion. He seems a man filled with curiosity, a man capable of deep introspection. He looks strangely different from most of his photographs, and he is quick to explain he recently gave up his horn-rimmed glasses for contact lenses. It has resulted, he feels, in an entirely new image. He leads the way into his library, a neat, orderly room where he does all his writing. He lights up a St. Moritz cigarette in a lengthy holder and sits behind his typewriter which has been covered for the night. The desk is remarkably clean. The only other objects in view:

a blotter in the shape of a skull and a skeleton, a letter opener made to resemble a decomposing corpse. He sips from a glass of lemonade, giving one time to scan the library. On one wall are a Count Dracula Society Award and a Hugo—the latter presented to him in 1959 at the 17th World Science Fiction Convention for his short story, "That Hell-Bound Train." In a bookcase are all the publications which contain the writings of Robert Bloch. The top shelf consists of hardcover anthologies; below are yellowing pulps. Bloch mentions he is quite familiar with CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN and leans back, indicating he is ready.

COF: One of the things that rocked the world of horror and imagination was the death of Boris Karloff, the man who first conceived Universal's Frankenstein Monster. What was your first thought, Mr. Bloch, when you heard of his death?

BLOCH: My immediate thought was that I had lost a very close friend. The kind it's difficult to replace.

COF: Did Karloff have any personal interests in the supernatural?

BLOCH: Despite all those characters he played—no. He was a total skeptic. I remember once my wife and I were visiting his summer place and he took us for a drive through the English countryside. Along the way he pointed to a "haunted house" and told some amusing stories about it, concluding with the comment: "If it's haunted by anything, it must be by insects." Still, he had a great love for the literature of the macabre. He had a wide reading background and was acquainted with most of the classic writers. He compiled his own anthologies, you know, and a close examination of them will reveal those writers he thought the most of.

COF: What kind of sense of humor did Karloff have?

BLOCH: A tremendous sense of humor. On that same drive I was telling you about, Mrs. Karloff was pointing out tea shoppes, etc., when suddenly Boris leaned out the



TORTURE GARDEN

**DON'T  
CROSS  
THE  
PATH  
OF  
"THE  
PSYCHOPATH"  
UNLESS  
YOU'RE TIRED  
OF IT ALL!**



Stilettoed in a  
rain-drenched  
rendezvous!

Blow-torched  
in an artist's  
studio!

Hanged in  
a junkyard  
maze!

Car-battered in  
a black and  
bloody alley!

PRODUCED BY PATRICK WYMARK · MARGARET JOHNSTON · ALEXANDER KNOX · JOHN STANDING · **TECHNISCOPE**  
DIRECTED BY MAX J. ROSENBERG and MILTON SUBOTSKY · WRITTEN BY FREDDIE FRANCIS · ROBERT BLOCH · An AMICUS Production **TECHNICOLOR**

window and shouted: "Oh look, there's Ye Olde Woolworth's." He didn't take himself pompously, he was always self-deprecating. One of the last funny stories told of Karloff concerns a science fiction film he was making in Mexico (and which has yet to be released). Boris was portraying a scientist of some kind and had a lengthy speech in the final scene that went something like this:

"The aliens have left now, but where have they gone? Will they be back? I hope we've seen the last of them!" Then he turned to the camera and the crew and added:

"Because if they haven't, we'll have to do the whole damn picture over again!!"

**COF:** Did he take his films seriously, or did he look upon them as just a way of making a living?

**BLOCH:** That depended on the film. Certainly he took the Frankenstein Monster seriously, for he often said, "Frankenstein was the best friend I ever had. It's given me everything," and certainly he appreciated



such films as **THE BODY SNATCHERS** and **BEDLAM**. And **THE ISLE OF THE DEAD**. However, in his later years Karloff realized he was a limited actor and became a working professional who would accept almost anything just to keep active. He worked right up to the time of his death.

**COF:** And what was his general attitude toward the horror film genre?

**BLOCH:** Close to my own personal feelings. He felt horror and science fiction had been degraded by substitutes of shock and sensationalism. He often commented, "There just isn't enough genuine feeling for the supernatural."

**COF:** Was there any goal Karloff failed to reach during his lifetime that you are aware of?

**BLOCH:** Yes, there was one unrealized ambition, though it had nothing to do with films. Karloff, as you know, started as a stock company actor in Canada. From time to time he would take small parts in Hollywood. He did **THE CRIMINAL CODE** in



1930, later **ARSENIC & OLD LACE** for two years on Broadway. He co-starred with Jean Arthur in **PETER PAN** and Julie Harris in **SKYLARK**. But he always had wanted to appear in a West End production in London, which would be the equivalent to our Broadway. By the time it was possible, however, he was too well along in years and couldn't sustain the night-after-night pressures. But despite not achieving this goal, Karloff, in both thought and action, expressed the attitude that life had always been extra good to him.

**COF:** Since you're the man who's given the word "psycho" entirely new dimensions, I thought it fitting we discuss that novel first. Also because COF has some points it would like to analyze about you and **PSYCHO** which we'd like to get your reaction to.

**BLOCH:** Fine. Fire away.



**COF:** Point one: That Bloch may have been pretty damned good 17 or 20 years ago, but that the quality of your technique has declined and gone heavily commercial—that your zest has dwindled. Also, that Joe Stefano and Hitchcock turned an otherwise routine potboiler into a very fine film by embellishing it. And that you've lost your love of art for art's sake. How would you answer that?

**BLOCH:** Let's take that point by point. I don't think my zest has dwindled; I don't think whatever craft I've possessed has dim-

inished particularly. Markets have changed. I will say quite candidly that in the past year I've written five short stories—three of them haven't been placed because the markets have changed for that sort of material. I would like to write a great deal more fiction, but there is the problem of market availability. So, I write to specification. Now this is no different, really, from how I wrote 20 or 30 years ago when there were magazines like *Weird Tales*, *Strange Stories*, *Unknown Worlds* and *Fantastic*. They wanted a certain kind of story and I wrote it—I don't feel I have changed; I feel the times have changed. And they change for every writer. There is no writer living who will end up 30 years later with the same market conditions and the same audience and



the same media. Now, regarding **PSYCHO**, ninety percent of that film was my book. There was an extended prologue, showing the relationship between the hero and the girl which was not presented dramatically in the hook. But the characters and story development remained the same.

**COF:** Could you briefly trace the film's creation for us?

**BLOCH:** Certainly. When Hitchcock bought the hook he bought it blind from my agent in New York. I was not told who bought it. All I received was a flat offer. When Hitchcock bought **PSYCHO** he asked if I was available to do the screen play. The person he talked to was an MCA agent. And it took that agent three seconds to say, "No, Bloch is not available." Because at that time MCA was in the talent busi-



ness and wanted to sell one of their own clients. Well, someone else got the assignment and gave Hitchcock a treatment which was turned down. He then hired Mr. Stefano, who worked three weeks on the screen play. Hitchcock did the rest. Nobody from the start, except Hitchcock, wanted this picture. It was an aggravation to Paramount. It was considered too far out, too shocking, too daring for its time. They wanted to change the title, the story, everything. But fortunately Hitchcock had the kind of contract by which he could exercise control. I like to feel that **PSYCHO** contributed to a breakthrough in cinema fare.

**COF:** What was your own personal reaction to the film on first viewing?

**BLOCH:** I can remember the studio screening vividly. Sitting behind me was



Hitch and Janet Leigh, who played the girl. When the lights went up Hitch asked Janet what she thought of the picture. She told him: "When that knife went into me in that shower scene, I could almost feel it." As for myself, I was very very pleased. There were many reasons why I was pleased. The first reason: I can remember a silent motion picture, **SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN**, which was made from a popular A. Merritt novel in 1927 or '28. When Merritt saw the film he sat there and cried. And after reading the hook and seeing



the film I can understand why. There was nothing of his story, characters or concept left in that picture. It was an atrocious disaster. Even though it was directed by Benjamin Christensen, who had directed *WITCHCRAFT*, a fine Danish film of 1920. But—there was my book on the screen. That is something that seldom happens today. I was also pleased for various tangential reasons. I'd always admired the work of Bernard Hermann, who did the score for *PSYCHO*. And I thought he was at his best in an atmosphere of horror. The fact it was done in black and white pleased me. Certain things have to be done that way for effect. Many so-called horror and psychological suspense films have been



plays in high school. I want to entertain. I want only to entertain. I've never had any notion doing anything more than that. If I interject a personal message this is still a form of entertainment rather than an artistic endeavor. I think my primary duty is to satisfy the demands of an audience.

COF: At least this can be said of your work: nothing ever read from your pen has ever been dull.

BLOCH: Well, thank you. To me that's the highest compliment. Bad, yes. But dull, never.

#### R. B.'s OTHER FILMS

COF: Though you did not write the film version of *PSYCHO*, you have written a number of motion pictures: *THE COUCH*, *THE NIGHT WALKER*, *THE CABINET OF CALIGARI*, etc. Do you have a favorite?



ruined by color because color has emotional overtones which sometimes overshadow the essential starkness of black and white.

When you get the warm flesh tones you just lose something. Then there is the temptation by some producers to substitute shock color for actual horror. They turn a man green, or show tomato catsup flowing by the bottles. It becomes lurid, unreal, comic stripish, disgusting in many cases.

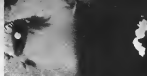
COF: Bill Castle did that in *THE TINGLER*. He inserted a single color sequence in a black and white film that showed a bathtub full of blood.

BLOCH: Now, about COF's feeling that I've lost my love of art for art's sake. Unfortunately for the idealistic COF, I've never had any idea of art for art's sake. I always approached writing as I approached doing



BLOCH: Certainly not *CABINET*. In fact, I've never seen it. I was displeased with the way the screenplay was revised. You see, I used basically the same plot as in the silent film classic, but I updated it in a realistic setting. The dialogue and directions in the first three-quarters of my screenplay emphasized a real atmosphere. You actually thought this woman was in the hands of some kind of madman. You never realized her aberration until the last of the film. Then the rug is pulled out and we see she is a psychiatric patient and this





goes up to get ready for bed. Step by step the tension builds because we think something is going to happen. There are half a dozen little places where the audience is quite certain that axe killer is going to strike. But I keep playing with the audience. Teasing it. Then, when everyone is completely lulled, it happens. Everyone jumps. This is what they want, and this is what I delivered. It's primarily a matter of timing. And had timing is what makes so many films misfire nowadays. The director, in many cases, decides to superimpose his own angles and his own tempo on the film, but he rarely knows the medium that well. He confuses suspense with brutal shock. He confuses excitement with gore



man is the doctor treating her—and the man she is in love with is really her son. With an added touch that the psychiatrist is perhaps a little crazy after all. But that's not quite the way it ended up. You begin to see the constant war between writers and film-makers.

But you asked me for my favorite. I would say the only film segment I have really had any complete enjoyment from is a 12-minute section of William Castle's **STRAITJACKET**. It was filmed exactly as I conceived it, and it conveyed precisely the effect I wanted. This is the part in which we establish there is a murderess running around with an axe upstairs in a mansion. The father leaves the wife downstairs and



and he doesn't know how to build to it. There are too many producers and directors and cameramen who do horror films who invalidate what they are trying to achieve. That's why for every good film of this sort there are innumerable bad ones.

**COF:** What about your most recent film, **TORTURE GARDEN**, which starred Burgess Meredith and Jack Palance?

**BLOCH:** They only did about 60 or 70 percent of what I had written. There is a general tendency—I hate to sound repetitive, but it's true—to confuse visual shock with psychological build-up and this has become so characteristic you grow to expect it. It's par for the course in this business.

**COF:** **GARDEN** seemed terribly muddled. Many things were left unclear.

**BLOCH:** Definitely so. There is a longer version for television in which there are 12 minutes more of clarification. But even with the additional 12 minutes there are still changes I don't feel are effective. But what's the use of complaining about it?

**COF:** Now, about your writing for TV. You did some **THRILLER** episodes which came off rather well.

**BLOCH:** In general, TV never quite comes off—there are too many fingers in that particular pie—but **THRILLER** was a different proposition entirely. Almost invariably my first draft teleplay was shot exactly as I wrote it. The director didn't try to change the shots or angles or anything regarding the story.



**COF:** You've also done three **STAR TREK** scripts. What are your feelings about a series with continuing characters?

**BLOCH:** In a series you are married to certain concepts. You have a continuation hero and secondary hero or heroes. You have a set locale. You can seldom stray from that. When you have a star that star must be a prime mover in each story. If you follow a guest star's viewpoint too closely your star, the star's agent and the network will object because they're not paying to build up a one-shot character. And, finally, you are married to the drudgery of a formula. So, your stories go out the window. The rest is watered-down concept.





**COF:** What, in your opinion, was wrong with **JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN**?

**BLOCH:** The series failed because the producer, Joan Harrison, was boxed in by ABC. I might add that Jack Fleischman, another Fox producer, was not responsible for the fiasco, either. It seems that the network decided early in the game it wanted none of the traditional supernatural elements. It was like doing a Western series without six-guns or horses. Therefore, there was no atmosphere, suspense or any of the other qualities fans of the genre have come to expect from an offering of this sort.

**COF:** And your own scripts for **UNKNOWN**?

before the release date.

**COF:** Are there any forthcoming series of supernatural, horror or science-fiction to take the place of **STAR TREK** and **JOURNEY TO THE UNKNOWN**?

**BLOCH:** There are always rumors of myriad projects, but I've heard of nothing definite.

**COF:** Do you think there's any hope for any more series like **THRILLER**?

**BLOCH:** It may be attempted eventually, but only as a last resort. It's so much easier for all concerned to go the way of the series—it's much simpler to write, produce and direct.



Part two of  
the  
**ROBERT  
BLOCH**  
Interview  
to be concluded  
next issue.

**BLOCH:** There were many changes that Joan had to make to please the network. I wish there had been more of my original concepts in them but as I told you earlier, you must resolve yourself to this if you're going to write for the medium.

**COF:** And what are you currently involved with in films and TV?

**BLOCH:** Nothing in TV at this moment. Amicus Films of England will soon be releasing a film that is much like **TORTURE GARDEN** in that it consists of four separate short stories of mine: "Method For Murder," "Living End," "Sweets to the Sweet," and "The Cloak." I hate to have to tell you that the film is currently entitled **THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD**. But I do pray it will be changed



VICTORIA  
VETRI

"When Dinosaurs Ruled The Earth" is Victoria Vetri's first starring film role. Born in California 21 years ago, she received her first acting experience in her high school drama society. After graduating her 37-21-35 figure soon won her many TV roles. She made her film debut in "Rosemary's Baby." Victoria is polylingual and speaks in Italian, French, German and Spanish—... with a figure like hers though, who needs words?





**Cast and production credits of WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH.**

Victoria Vatri, Sanna; Robert Hawdon, Tara; Patrick Allen, King-  
 sor; Drewe Hanley, Khaka; Sam Caffrey, Kane; Magda Konopka,  
 Ulido; Imogen Hecsal, Ayek; Patrick Holt, Ammon. Also starring  
 Jan Rousini, Carol-Anne Hawkins, Merle O'Brien, Connie Tilton,  
 Maggie Lynton, Jimmy Lodge, Billy Cornelius and Ray Ford.  
 A Hammer Films Production, distributed by Warner Bros.  
 Prod., Aldo Young; dir., Val Guest; writer, Val Guest; treatment, J.  
 S. Baller; dir. photography, Dick Bush; art dir., John Blazard; ed.,  
 Peter Curran; spec. fx, Allen Bryce, Roger Dicken & Brian John-  
 cook; spec. visual fx, Jim Danforth; sound, Kevin Sutton; music &  
 spec. music fx composed by Mario Nascimbene; musical supervisor,  
 Philip Martelli; prod. mgr., Chris Sutton; costumes, Carl Toms; 2nd  
 unit camera, Johnny Cabrera; 2nd unit continuity, Susana Mary;  
 makeup supervisor, Richard Mills; hairdressing supervisor, Joyce  
 James; wardrobe master, Brian Owen-Smith; asst. dir., John Stone-  
 man.

*Come hither all ye spec. fx Danforth fans and read the latest on that long awaited epic, WHEN DINOSAURS RULED THE EARTH.*

Plotwise, things in WDRTE are about as profound as Hammer's "One Million Years B.C.". But, boobwise, perhaps a bit bouclier:

A primitive Rock Tribe blames an upheaval of the Earth on an average run-of-the-mill Raquel type named Sanna (Victoria Vatri) and condemns her to death. While escaping a cyclone blows her into a sea where she has absolutely no trouble floating even though lacking a life preserver. A fisherman from the local Sand Tribe named Tara (Robin Hawdon) rescues her, but she has to exit once again since Tara's old lady begins to get jealous. Sanna encounters various prehistoric crea-



tures and takes refuge in the nest of a dinosaur where she is accepted as one of its young. (No comment.) Tara eventually runs into Sanna being pursued by a 'saur, but on closer inspection he finds she is merely playing with him. (At this point

perhaps it would have turned out lots cooler if Sanna were discovered as actually preferring 'saurs to men, but it seems that Hammer isn't yet in that sort of bag.)

Apparently Sanna's escapade with the 'saur was witnessed by one of Tara's tribe, for it showers troubles galore on his head thanks to his irate chief; consequently he's set out adrift on the water on a blazing raft. Sanna isn't doing too well either because after being chased by an army of giant ants, she is captured and set to be burned at a stake on the beach. At this point, the Moon's gravitational pull causes the Earth's first tide and a giant wave sweeps inland destroying everything in sight, except Sanna and Tara who survive "To create a better world for man to live in."



Some interesting production info' on the making of the film:

Jim Danforth, of course, was responsible for his excellent work in animating the miniatures (his impressive credit list includes "Seven Faces of Dr. Lao" and "Jack the Giant Giller.") The models are about one inch high and made of stell and aluminum armature covered by liquid foam with fur and eyes added later. They were built from Danforth's designs and drawings by special effects experts Allan Bryce, Brian Johncock and Roger Dicken.

Actual filming proceeded in the following manner:

Director-writer Val Guest arranged his actors in proper positions relative to the creatures (which they never saw, the creatures being edited in later). Danforth took over when the actors were finished. "Getting the miniatures to move is done with single-frame animation," Danforth revealed, "with one picture frame taken at a time. The model is bent into slightly different positions, according to a pre-figured course. I work out a lot of these movements on my hands and knees on the floor at home. My wife thinks I'm nuts."

And, now — a CoF exclusive! The entire script of the film! All 27 words with English equivalents (The vocabulary was made borrowing from Latin, Sanskrit and Phoenician.) Here are the words in no particular order:

N'to (no). T'ammo (yes). N'dino (make amends). N'dye (come). Krasta (fast). Neecha (come back). M'kan (kill). Mata (dead). Kayera (wait). Udela (mine). Udala (yours). Zak (gone). Salta (water). Yappasha (do this). Akita (look). Akhoba (help). Yo kita (go). M'dana (tomorrow). Preto (thanks). Neecro (evil). Gonaya ((moon). Unsaya (sun). Osor (monster). Tedak (flying monster). Saad (lift). Cura (boat). Wandi (where). — *Buddy Weiss* —

[ You don't have to worry about "racial re-call," or that Scientology engrams will haunt you nor whether deros and the Shaver Mystery are spooking you if some of the above words sound familiar. Many actually were used, but for different meanings, in the original ONE MILLION B.C. (1940): I.E., Akhoba was Lon Chaney's name; neecha referred to a dinosaur; Wandi was the name of a child thought to have been killed in a lava flow.—CTB.]

Charles K. Knight's famous mural, "Cave Man Of The Neanderthal Race."

(Courtesy of the American Museum of Natural History.)

# CZECH CINEMA

We've heard of Unlask but this is ridiculous. "Gentlemen, I Have Killed Einstein" is a crazy comedy of moving about in time and where the women of 2000 have beards and are determined to do something about it. Directed by Oldřich Lipský, who directed the send-up "Lemonade Joe" (1968) has Jana Brejchová as a research worker and Petr Čepek as the young Einstein.



NEW Czech production includes Jaroslav Papoušek's second film, "Ecce Homo Homolka"; Ester Krumbachová's first film as director, "The Murder of Mr. Devil"; and Josef Mach's new thriller, "The Murderer lurks on the Railway Track".

A number of directors are coming from abroad to make films — writer Robbe-Grillet was there recently for his new film "Eden and Alter" and Canadian Michael Jacot is now making "The Last Act of Martin Weston".

In a Paris Press Conference Robbe-Grillet said he had sufficient material for two films: "Eden and Alter" and "The Witches". The first was for the cinemas and the latter for

TV. Some of "Eden" will be used in the TV film.

Improvised from notes on basic situations, "Eden and Alter" deals with a group of students who pass the time thinking up various stories (romantic, cruel, criminal and erotic) which they try and make real. A stranger appears among them giving the stories a touch of reality. Later he is discovered dead by the Danube. A Tunisian postcard is found in his jacket and later one of the girl students sees a documentary on Tunisia in which she sees herself and her friends in a crazy love story which ends in death.

Jacot's film deals with a schizophrenic American.

# dorian gray



Ivan Albright & Hurd Hatfield with the "Picture of Dorian Gray" taken at the opening of the Ivan Albright retrospective that was held at New York's Whitney Museum of American Art.





Left: Master of the Rotting Apples and Macgotty Countenance theory of art and design, Ivan Albright sat for a self-portrait, jealous of Dorian Gray, and is thus seen happily rotting away himself.

Below: Oscar Wilde, author of GRAY, as caricatured by Aubrey Beardsley, 1893. Facing page: Helmut Berger in a narcissistic interlude examining his GRAY artwork. Early in '70, Berger won wide critical acclaim for another romp in depravity in Visconti's THE DAMNED.



Times, they are a'changing. Hurd Hatfield ended up in mummified horror (above) in the '45 MGM version of DORIAN GRAY. Bisexuality was, however, quite blatant in the new '70 edition with Helmut Berger, below.



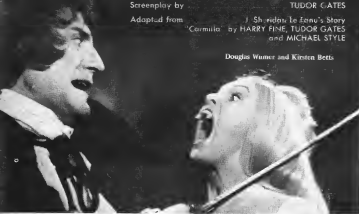
Screenplay by

TUDOR GATES

Adapted from

J. Sheridan Le Fanu's Story  
'Carmilla' by HARRY FINE, TUDOR GATES  
and MICHAEL STYLE

Douglas Wanner and Kirsten Betts



Ingrid Pitt and Fendy Wayne



## INGRID PITT IS A LASS-OF-ALL-TRADES

For a 25-year-old young lady of gorgeous face and figure, Ingrid Pitt has managed to cram into that brief time a volume of experiences rare to women twice her age.

Miss Pitt, who stars in American International's chiller,

## THE VAMPIRE LOVERS

was born in Poland of Russian-Polish parents. Since then, she has been a model, a bullfighter and a ballet dancer. She has acted on stage in Brecht, worked as a stunt girl in Westerns and as a spaghetti cook in Beverly Hills.

She has directed her own TV show in Spain and lived amongst the Sioux and Navajo Indian tribes on their reservations. She is the author of two books, both published in Germany and is now writing a third, a novel based on her far flung adventures.

Her professional career as an actress was marked by an assortment of roles in television and motion pictures, most recently opposite Richard Hurton and Clint Eastwood in "Where Eagles Dare."

In "The Vampire Lovers," Ingrid plays a triple role, as three generations of vampires, whose fangs and sensuous beauty raise havoc with the blood circulation of local villagers.

Ingrid Pitt and Fendy Wayne

# All Manner of Fantasies

THE OLD DARK HOUSE



By **PETER JOHN DYER**

*Frankenstein* appeared one year after *Dracula*. Robert Florey's treatment, adapted from Mary Shelley's story, with dialogue by Francis Farago and Gavett Fort, was scheduled to be directed by Florey, a Frenchman who had made comedies and a couple of insignificant *avant-garde* films. When James Whale persuaded Laemmle to let him direct *Frankenstein*, Florey had to be contented with making the next Lugosi vehicle, Poe's *Murders in the Rue Morgue*.

That *Frankenstein* is such a jejune effort is largely Whale's fault, even allowing for the unadventurous screenplay. Whale, who had none of Browning's conviction or poetry, settled for a pseudo-Gothic, theatrical, Walham Green "Granville" approach. With the exception of Dwight Frye's grotesquely overplayed hunchback (Frye had been equally irritating as Renfield in *Dracula*), the performances are above average, yet still British and *Waterloo Bridge* in style: Colin Clive as young Frankenstein, a depressingly jolly, back-slapping bucolic as his father.

The young hero and heroine, though both American stars (John Boles and Mae Clarke), still manage to seem English rather than European, and set against the fake Balkan village with its absurd "peasant festivities," the acting appears even more miscalculated.

## Make-Up Genius

The film's sole triumph is its legendary Monster, a marvellous creation shared by Jack Pierce's make-up genius and Karloff's sincere and imaginative mime. Whale caricatures everything except the Monster, leaving his actor free to suggest a dumb, sad, struggling figure of far greater interest and nobility than the obsessed young Baron.

From this extra-human monster, Whale and Karloff moved on to human monsters, with an adaptation by Benn Levy and R. C. Sheriiff of J. B. Priestley's *Benighted*. *The Old Dark House* (1932)—cut off by floods and storms in the mountains, the only refuge for a promisingly mixed party of travellers (Melvyn Douglas, Charles Laughton, Raymond Massey, a blonde and a brunette)—soon belches forth its



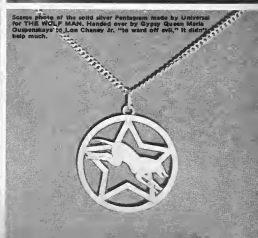




Extraordinarily rare shots of Lon Chaney Jr. in his immortal WOLF MAN role of Larry Talbot (Univ. 1941) as he undergoes his transfiguration from man into werewolf.



Scare photo of the solid silver Pentagram made by Universal for THE WOLF MAN. Handed over by Gypsy Queen Marie Ouspenskaya to Lon Chaney Jr. "to ward off evil." It didn't help much.





DR. CYCLOPS (Paramount, 1939; color) was directed by Ernst Schoedack (dir. KING KONG, MOST DANGEROUS GAME, etc.). Skippy on plot but rich in suspense & special effects, its literary naivete and "Code" ending still can't hold it back from vying with some of the best in the genre.

## A MERIAN C COOPER Production

FROM  
H. RIDER HAGGARD'S  
ASTOUNDING NOVEL



HELEN GAHAGAN  
RANDOLPH SCOTT  
HELEN MACK NIGEL BRUCE  
THE CAST OF THOUSANDS  
DIRECTED BY  
IRVING PINKER & LAWRENCE CHUBB

satiric fantasy, a vision of Germany's tyrannical and god-servant film. Its vintage year, 1932, produced Michael Curtiz's *Dr. X and the Mystery of the Wax Museum* (with Lionel Atwill and Fay Wray); Rouben Mamoulian's *Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* (Freddie March and Miriam Hopkins); Eric C. Kenner's *The Island of Lost Souls* (Laughton, Lugosi); Marjorie Greta's *The Devil and the Deep* (Laughton, Yillah Barkwood, Gary Cooper, Cary Grant); and *The Hound of Zorro*.

It is difficult to judge Mamoulian's *Jekyll and Hyde*, which had a genuinely macabre, erotic element, but suffered from censorship mutilation in this country. (Victor Fleming's 1941 version, with Spencer Tracy, was merely sensationalist.) Kenner's film, an adaptation of H. G. Wells's *The Isle of Dr. Moreau*, with Laughton as the sleek, neatly bearded, half-doglike veterinarian, was banned outright. However, a recent showing of *The Hound of Zorro* (directed by Schoedack and Irving Pichel) confirms the marvelous adaptation from Richard Connell's novel as a classic piece of beauty, salacious, audacious cinema.

A fantastic Russian hunter (Zharov, of course), living alone on an island, catches shipwrecked sea, after entertaining the survivors, turns them loose on his prey. No longer able to achieve orgasm by killing animals, Coast Zorro can only sustain the more dangerous and exquisite pleasure of torturing men: he beats and hurls them down. Leslie Banks, sporting a grotesque Russian accent, hits off the ultra-sophisticated, obscene and dotty indolent to perfection. Joel McCrea, in ideal, strong, silent and masculine hero; and Fay Wray, as always, the answer to a sadist's prayer. The rich color of darkness and pickled, bottled leads, the dark swamps, the maze paths that are Zorro's slaves, the ghostly bounds, the seeming indestructibility of the Coast himself—all these elements add up to a unique masterpiece of surrealistic terror.

Leslie Banks returned to England, where there was a thriving, minor horror tradition (John L. Burt Foster's *Eyes of London*; Emily Williams's *Cave of the Forgotten Lady* and *Dead Men Tell No Tales*). In *The Door With Seven Locks* (starring L.B. Palmer) Leslie Banks repeated his Zorro characterization as a mad Count, whose cellar house his proud collection of instruments of torture. The eccentricity, however, seemed forced and contrived. Meanwhile, Peter Lorne, the celebrated discoverer of Fritz Lang's *M*, left England after appearing with Banks in Hitchcock's *The Man Who Knew Too Much*, and came to Hollywood in 1935. His career there was a triumph.

The vehicle was a second version of Maurice Renard's morbid novel, *Hound of Orley*, directed by Carl Fredrick Pator Lorne played the obsessed surgeon, Dr. Coppel, who grafts the hands of a skeletonized kidnapper on to the arms of a patient (Colin Clive), maimed in a railway accident. The patient takes on the seductiveness of the skeletonized man, and the kidnapper (Frances Drake) visits Coppel's somber residence, where she is admitted by a crazed, assistant-ridden housekeeper who mistakes her for a wife. Coppel, who plays the patient's wife, is by now dangerously insane; his conversation is shattered and dislocated by the frenetic screeching of a white cockatoo; and Lingua plays the organ, watches the petrified girl in the mirror above his bed.

The mad-scientist fantasy grew in familiarity as the Second World War approached. In *The Raven* of Dr. J. H. Haggard's *Requiem*, his hair white-streaked and convulsive grimace, survived the electric chair to face on the blood of innocent victims. *The Devil Dolls* (1936), Tod Browning's last film, featured Lionel Barrymore, Maurice O'Sullivan and Frank Lawton in the story of a French scientist who reduces human beings to a cleft of their nuclear core. The theme turns up again in Schoedack's *Dr. Cyclops* (1939, Albert Dekker). In Robert Stevenson's *The Man Who Changed His Mind* and Laurence Hilkey's *The Invisible Ray*, Karloff began a new, nefarious career of brain-transplantation and strange experiments.

### Joyless and Repulsive

By 1940, even from isolated films of immigration like *Swamp of the Third Floor* (Peter Lorre), the horror film had become a Broadway relic. Carl Laemmle was dead, and so was Warner Oland. Karloff's films were joyless and repulsive. Lugosi, undermined by drugs, avoided himself in crude parodies until that first insult—*Bela Lugosi meets a Brooklyn Girl*. Painfully mediocre experiments were made whereby Karloff, Lorre, and Lugosi (and themselves) performed up in one insect or another, such as *The Roxy* (Max Baer Got Fox) (with Kay Kuyper and his Band).

The trend-tastic became merely grotesque and unattractive (Peter Lorre's *The Fear Behind the Door*, a variation on the Wax Museum theme); or else a gratuitous, ridiculous, however, display of homosexual sodomy with, usually, a petty and crooked labour contractor, a hero who is whipped and whipped, a heroine who is a cypher (Peter Lorre's *Island of Dr. Moreau*).

Although Universal, Columbia and Pathé-Monogram studios went to constant lengths out (formerly penny-pinching) for several years, the genre experienced a dreifuller, more serious revival, during the war, under the production banner of the late Val Lewton at R.K.O., starting with *The Cat People* (1942).

This is the story of Irene (Simone Simon), descendant of a mid-European race who, in total of her, are torn to term into past case. Her sexual psychoses (from Cocteau) is found, clawed to death, in her apartment. Analagous to the werewolf myth, this new (and) sublimated atmospheric, suggested horror, within realistic surroundings, for the more obviously mechanical, shop-made workings of crude horror film. Jacques (son of Maurice) Tourneur, continued to find genuine suspense in the supernatural in *I Walked With a Zombie* (1943), and even today in *Night of the Demon*

# WEREWOLF OF LONDON

THE SUPREME  
SHOCKER OF THEM ALL!

EVERY MOMENT  
AN ETERNITY  
OF SUSPENSE!





# CURSE OF THE DEMON

## THE CAT PEOPLE

Karl Smith and Jane Randolph.



(1957)—where the one major error lies in showing the Demons virtually.

The unexpected success of *The Cat People* led to a sequel, Robert Wise's *The Curse of the Cat People*, also starring Simone Simon, and to a glut of lady-monsters beginning with Nina Foch's werewolf. It also served to introduce a series of gothic Lewiston pictures providing a training-ground for younger, talented directors: Mark Robson's *Isle of the Dolls* (werewolves) and *Bodily Eaten* (from Hagen's drawings); Robert Wise's *The Body Snatchers* (from Robert Louis Stevenson, terrifically well acted by Henry Daniell and Karloff); *The Strange Picture* and *The Levee Men*.

Although the ghost story has always been sadly neglected by Hollywood (with the honorable exception of *The Uninvited*), several curious yet interesting literary adaptations came out during the war: Albert Lewin's precious, over-lauded picture of *Dorian Gray*; William Dieterle's *All Their Money Came Roy*, based on Stephen Benet's *The Devil and Daniel Webster*. This latter was a rare, genuine, semi-successful attempt at American folklore, in which Walter Huston's virtuoso performance as Scratch, stealing peach pies, curdling milk and summoning up bad-omens, was well matched by Simone Simon's false temptress. Finally, a word about Warner's *The Beast With Five Fingers* (1946), for although the original W. F. Harvey story was ruined, Robert Florey must still be credited for the powerful handling of all those sequences involving the disembodied hand;

and one even still shudder on recalling Peter Lorre's detached, haunting, and utterly convincing study in wild hallucination.

While the cold war has predictably brought forth revisions of the collected stories of Ambrose Bierce, Algernon Blackwood and H. P. Lovecraft, the recent possible resurgence of film-demonism has been mainly in the "rational," mechanical field of science-fiction. For the moment I am not concerned with this (and in any case, almost a whole article could be devoted to Lang's fascinating early efforts in this field, such as *Metropolis* and *The Woman in the Moon*; and to the pre-war and unimpaired Flash Gordon serials, a joyous mixture of *Méliès*, *Seinfeld* and strip-cartoon). Nor am I concerned with the current, somewhat adabandoned revival of the horror film. It is too early yet to pass a perspective judgement.

In summing up, it is essential to face one indisputable fact: Very few American fantasies or horror films stand up to those made in Germany, France, Sweden and even Britain. *Dracula* cannot compare with Dezer's *Fenêtre*, made the same year. Nor has Hollywood produced anything to equal Thorold Dickinson's two *Walbrook* vehicles—*Goat* (1940) and *The Green of Sander* (1949); or the mystic imitations of the French cinema, as recent Christian-Jaques films, in *Maigret Tourneur's* *Le Meurtre du Docteur* (1943), *Maigret's* *Jaquette ou le* *Clef des Songes* (1950), *Claude's* *Les Diables* (1955), and almost everything of Cocteau's. All these films





Left: CURSE OF THE CAT PEOPLE (RKO 1944), with Simone Simon & Ann Carter. Below: left: Stephen Vincent Benet's New England based classic, "The Devil & Daniel Webster," was turned by RKO in 1941 into a film classic. Seen are Walter Huston as Mr. Scratch (the Devil) and James Craig as his victim. Below, right: Tom Conway (Geo. Sanders' late brother) & Kim Hunter in THE 7th VICTIM (RKO 1943). Bottom: MGM's brilliant psychological-terror piece GASLIGHT (1944) starred Joseph Cotten, Ingrid Bergman and Charles Boyer, with Angela Lansbury.



will be better served if considered somewhere in direct relation to their directors.

Although, to be very resorbable, it is pointless expecting Hollywood's fantasy emera to model itself on *The Cold Heart*, or *Voyage*, or *Daphne*, or *The Seventh Seal*—yet one can still hope that the spirit of Paul Leni, that renegade from a fall-ground workman, will ultimately be laid to rest. Perhaps, after all, unlike a high-wire. To invoke Dr. Caligan is to fall on one side, the bizarre; to invoke Dr. Jekyll, his Aunt, Dracula, and (say) Dean Martin, all at a single whistle, is to fall on the other, the ridiculous. Better, like Val Lewton, to look unblinkingly ahead, seeing nothing in the clouds but ancient flies, ruins, Apoc'ean, ghostly hounds, or one's second self in a mirror—in other words, *The Myth*, be it private, personal, mad, old or new. Is it worth dreaming about? That is the test.

PETER JOHN DYER

THUR  
HUSNET



# 2 LOST HORROR CLASSICS

The following article was originally commissioned in 1966 for CoF, but was first published by SCREEN FACTS number 18. CoF wishes to thank SCREEN FACTS publisher Al Barbour for his aid in helping us to finalize this monumental essay.

She falls in love  
with this gentleman  
...and he  
becomes  
this  
fiend!



See the most chilling trans-  
formation in all drama!  
Sliver as a vampire love  
newly brutal murdered!  
Hold your breath while  
a distinguished scientist  
becomes a raging, mis-  
man devil!

You have never been thrilled as you will be thrilled  
by Stevenson's brilliant drama of dual personality.

**DR. JEKYLL AND MR. HYDE**

*A Paramount Triumph Starring*

**FREDRIC MARCH**

MIRIAM HOPKINS... ROSE HOBART

*Directed by Rouben Mamoulian*

*Added Subjects Here!*

**STARTS FRIDAY!**  
**Paramount**  
THEATRE

# MYSTERY of the



# THE HUNCHBACK OF NOTRE-DAME

## Lost Horror Classics Revisited by William K. Everson



Since the advent of major company inroads into television, and the subsequent dusting off and re-vitalization of old negatives, there has been a slow but steady ticking off of those horror classics, primarily from the early Thirties, which had never been re-

issued and seemed to be consigned to a permanent limbo. One after the other, we were able to see again films like *THE MASK OF FU MANCHU*, *THE MARK OF THE VAMPIRE*, *ISLAND OF THE LOST SOULS*, *MURDERS AT THE ZOO*, *DOCTOR X* and *MAD LOVE*. We have now alas arrived at the stage where the material that is either extant or legally available has been shown, and from here on in we are at the mercy of whatever remarkable discoveries may be made by the various film archives throughout the world. Some films, it seems, are gone forever. Without wishing to seem unduly pessimistic, it appears unlikely that *DER JANUSKOPF*—Murnau's early Jekyll and Hyde film, with Conrad Veidt and Bela Lugosi—will be seen again, nor Fox's *THE WIZARD*. One of the most sought-after of all the Lon Chaney-Tod Browning films, *LONDON AFTER MIDNIGHT*, is not, so far as anyone is aware, preserved anywhere. MGM, the most conscientious of all the Hollywood studios when it comes to preserving their old films, has neither print nor negative. However, they have preserved copies of several other fantasy and/or semi horror films, including *THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND*, *THE MONSTER* (with Chaney) and *THE MAGICIAN*—and three of them films that, unfortunately, do not live up to their reputations. But these are all films from the Twenties. What of the Thirties films that could conceivably have commercial value for theatrical or tv revival?



Here there are five big gaps. Karloff's British film, *The Ghoul*, reputedly the best of his British films (and stills certainly bear this out) is preserved only via one somewhat worn print residing now in Rank's British vaults. Although the film was remade a few years ago as a comedy, presumably the legal problems of clearing the original for a reissue would not be insurmountable — although unless a dupe negative is made soon from that one remaining print, any talk of reissue or legalities will be purely academic, for there will be nothing left to reissue. Another Karloff film, *The Old Dark House* — James Whale's fairly tame but tremendously stylish Universal thriller — is also legally tied up, due to the J. B. Priestley property having been sold to Columbia for a remake a few years ago. However, *The Old Dark House* offers less cause for concern: it is protected, doubtless will see the light of day again in due time, and in any event was still playing theatrically as late as the early 1950's, so it can hardly be considered a "lost" film. Another missing Universal item is their 1931 sound remake of *The Cat and the Canary*, retitled *The Cat Creeps*, and directed by Rupert Julian who had made Chaney's *Phantom of the Opera*. My own memories of it are not too favorable — but it has been a long time, and how can any "old house" thriller from Universal, and that period, be devoid of interest? Due to complications with the rights to the play — which passed first to Paramount for their 1939 Boh Hope version, and thence reverted to the owners of the theatrical property — neither sound version of this comedy-thriller can at present be legally shown, nor is there any definite proof that prints still exist on the 1931 version.

Which brings us down to the two key missing items from 1932 and 1933 — *Doctor Jekyll and Mr. Hyde* with Fredric March, and *The Mystery of the Wax Museum* with Lionel Atwill.

Rather vague reports have been filtering through of a single, battered, black-and-white print of *The Mystery of the Wax Museum* having played two or three years ago in one of the iron curtain countries, so it appears that it is not totally lost. Iron Curtain archives, notoriously secretive about what they have, may also have a print hidden away somewhere. The European archives are often much stronger on Hollywood films than American archives are, and it is odd that we must thank Czechoslovakia and Denmark for — for example — a better preservation of the silent films of John Ford and Tom Mix than was achieved here! In this country, however, there is no known negative or print extant of *Wax Museum*, and indeed for a while its TV owners offered a substantial "no questions asked" reward to anyone who could come up with printing material so that they could put it into circulation. I was lucky enough to see the film not only on its original release, but several times in the late 40's, when Warners had an excellent condition Technicolor print which was circulated quite extensively to revival houses in the London area. When, in 1946, Warner's London office had a special festival to celebrate their 20th Anniversary of sound, *The Mystery of the Wax Museum* was one of three early features (the others: *I Am a Fugitive From a Chain Gang* and *42nd Street*) shown to the public as part of the celebrations. Tickets were free and the theatre, though full, was never packed. Perhaps it might have been had more people known that that was probably the last showing ever of the original Technicolor print of the horror classic. It was withdrawn from theatrical distribution thereafter, and the print was destroyed in 1954. An old nitrate print, it was beginning to decompose dangerously — and probably no-one there knew that they were holding the only remaining original print.

*House of Wax*, it must be admitted, was a very creditable remake, and used its setting creatively to produce 3-D effects. The third version, *Chamber of Horrors*, designed as a TV pilot and then stretched into theatrical feature length ultimately, bore little resemblance to its inspiration. But the original, as is so often the case, was unique and far superior in every way. Although shorter (a mere 73 minutes), it was leisurely paced



If Man Could  
See His Soul—  
Would It Be  
A Horrible Beast?

## FREDRIC MARCH

in the spectacular title  
role of Robert Louis  
Stevenson's strange,  
fateful drama

## "Dr. JEKYLL and Mr. HYDE"

portrays the man,  
lover and fiend, who  
opens into secrets for-  
bidden to man!

A supernatural mystery!  
An appealing love story!  
A horrifying thriller!

Magnificently Produced by

Paramount

with  
MIRIAM HOPKINS  
ROSE HOBART

Directed by Rouben Mamoulian

*Added Subjects*

THURS. & FRI.  
**Paramount**  
THEATRE  
*a Radio Theatre... Paramount Picture*





Fredric March as JEKYLL-HYDE is seen grooving on what was probably the screen's first and greatest psychedelic trip. To heighten and expand human consciousness was the Freudian/Jungian dream, popular but limited to a small group of intellectuals during the early part of the 20th Century. Today it is a fad held by millions everywhere. JEKYLL, unfortunately, had a pretty bad trip—and, obviously he couldn't Hyde it.



Lionel Atwill (above) glowing over his macabre collection from the balcony in *MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM*. For the remainder of his career, with but few exceptions, former Broadway drama lead Atwill would play various roles in the genre. And yet, his tremendous in-depth versatility was constantly evident, as in *Portrait of a Lady*.  
TO BE OR NOT TO BE (1942)

and didn't strive for shock effects — but when they came, they really paid off. Unlike the remake, which had a period setting — dark alleys, mild, doctored figures and all the trappings of Victorian Grand Guignol — the original was set in contemporary New York. The juxtaposition of the New and the Old — the waxworks with its historical figures constrained with modern New York and the inevitable wheezing newspaper gal — created a nightmarish quality quite lacking from the more even-keeled remake, which went for unmitigated Gothic shock all the way. Too, the original was far more subtle and sparing in its use of the monster. He was seen merely and fleetingly, although one saw enough of him for Glenda Farrell's report to her boss — "He makes Frankenstein look like a lily" — to seem an exaggeration. This restrained use of the monster made it far less obvious that he and the sculptor (Atwill in the original, Vincent Price in the remake) were one and the same, and thus the climactic screaming had genuine surprise values as well as shock. The scene of the heroine beating on the sculptor's face — which cracks, revealing it to be only a wax mask hiding the hideous features beneath — was somehow handled much too abruptly in the Price version. Horror films had not then reached the deplorable state where they relied for much of their effect on physical repulsion and gore, hence the scene was not played for its physical effect. Nor, since it was, by now apparent that monster and sculptor were one and the same, was it played for suspense or surprise. It was a dramatically effective scene, true, but a pale shadow of its original in which *Way* first hits at the face in self-defense, results in horror as it cracks, beats at it again, watches it partially disintegrate, and finally rips off the remnants of the mask to reveal the gnarled wretch face beneath it!

The anti face of the old two-color Technicolor was also a tremendous asset to the original version, especially in the scenes of the museum fire where the orange flames dissolve the wax models, and the melting, writhing figures of Voltaire, Marie Antoinette and others disappear in rivulets of molten wax, their heads drooping as they maintain their stiff and unreal dignity to the end. The unrestrained yet slightly surreal color had added to the nightmarish quality of the final laboratory scene too, creating exotic as well as terrifying effects with its contrast of the pink flesh tones of a nude *Way*, strapped to an operating table, with the bubbling green fluid in Atwill's wax-emulating vats.

A handsome production in every way (the laboratory act, with its cut-waxes, machines and vats of wax was a beauty) and directed with pace and style by the versatile Michael Curtiz, *The Mystery of the Wax Museum* was also well served by its cast. *Way*, obviously, was the ideal heroine for such a role. Glenda Farrell and Frank Mellicham as the newspaper reporter and her boss, helped move the story along at a brisk pace — and their limited comedy material was never intrusive. Arthur Edmund Carewe, a master at playing suspects, red herrings and vicious bachelors (*Dr. X, Phantom of the Opera*) was fine as Atwill's second in command, while oily, cigarette-chewing Edwin Maxwell, Hollywood's number one purveyor of fat, lecherous money-grubbing, was marvelous as the fast-buck operator who burns down Atwill's museum for its insurance — and much later, in Atwill's new museum, causes bubbling out of a cauldron, one of many corpses transformed into a wax replica of a historical figure. It was *Way*'s misfortune to be an exact double for Marie Antoinette, thus wearing Lionel Atwill's creative beret and allowing him to trot out his theories and premises of "eternal life" while the wax is boiling away and bubbling higher and higher in the immediate proximity of an understandably unenthusiastic Miss *Way*!

Never before or since had Atwill had such a perfect part. With his props of dignified beard, wheel chair and crutches, plus some rich dialogue, it offered him a genuinely beautiful role. Moreover, it was the kind of role usually slated to Karlfield — the kind who is nevertheless almost totally sympathetic, and whose life and work has been ruined by the hands of others. Atwill's flamboyant acting style, his steely eyes and lack-

cross clasp stood him in good stead in several expert and traditional "mad doctor" roles (*The Ghost of Frankenstein*, *Man Made Monster*, *The Vampire Bat*), but his superb performance in *The Mystery of the Wax Museum* quite transcended the requirements of the horror genre, and was high-caliber acting by any standards. It's unfortunate that he was to become as typed as Lugosi, and was never again to get a role that enabled him to interweave subtle pathos with his menace. Incidentally, the original *nda* for the film made extensive and colorful use of a big head of Atwill, composed — on closer examination — of the bodies of women. It was a gimmick that was copied exactly, and applied to Vincent Price, in the *nda* for the recent *Hanako of the Red Death*.

There have been a dozen or more versions of the *Jekyll and Hyde* tale, with "B" picture tag-alongs into the careers of steady sons and daughters, but the Pacific M&M version of 1932 is the best-remembered of them all. Unseen since the late 30's, when MGM bought the property from Paramount and called it to protect their upcoming Spencer Tracy version, it has given rise to a great deal of speculation as to whether it is really as good as we all remembered it. Having seen it several times recently, I'm happy to report that — as a horror film at least — it more than lives up to its reputation. Certain monster sagas, clearly not having seen it for decades either, have had the temerity to "apologize" for its transformation scenes because the film was made before the slick changeover techniques employed by Universal in their wolf-man and other monster films. Quite apart from the subtlety of construction in the changeover scenes, the physical depiction of the transformation — slowly applied make-up coming into view only when subjected to infra-red light — is far more convincing than the stop-motion techniques employed with various stages of make-up in the wolf-man films. Director Roache Manheim, though his period of greatness encompassed only a few years (1929-32) before he settled for the competently common-place, had a tremendous visual sense and as obvious enchantment with the possibilities of the film medium. He didn't even mind appearing himself if he could do it visually, which to him was more important than appearing intelligent but in a literary or theatrical fashion.

Legal and copyright problems have kept the film in limbo, but I suspect, too, that certain aspects of the *Hyde* characterization, which at times take on characteristics of Negro stereotypes mixed with Chinese dialect, may, in these racially more delicate times, have discouraged any attempts to restore these legal problems.

Although it is undeniably ultra-stylish Grand Guignol, I can't help feeling that in a sense — and more a literary than a filmic sense — it falls short of the silent John Barrymore version, which, for me at least, is still the definitive *Jekyll and Hyde*. Manheim's version, though it does come better than the others in making the reasons for *Jekyll's* experiments more explicable, is far too serious in establishing milieu, character and background. There is too little depth to what is still a provocative and important theme (and parallels with current LSD experimentation are odd-ly apt) and the assumption seems to be that everyone must be familiar with the story, so let's get on with it. It just doesn't have the dignity and thoughtfulness that it deserves, nor is this wholly a flaw of the script. Even Manheim's physical and visual picture seems a trifle too rapid, pass and other camera movements are sometimes so swift that one feels like a tourist in an art museum, being rushed around by the guide from one exhibit to another. Although the film is somewhat longer than the Barrymore version, it contains considerably less plot and exposition. So much for criticism, however. If anything else, it's good to see a property like this, made by a major company, that is played full-bloodedly for its own sake and value, and not stifled, intellectualized and slowed down as was, for example, Paramount's *The Man in Half Moon Street* or Metro's *Jekyll and Hyde* with Spencer Tracy, a diametrically dual version over for some interesting Freudian dream sequences. Manheim's *Jekyll and Hyde*, like Len Cline's *Phantom of the Opera*, plays up the visual quality of its sex melodrama to the full. It is full of stunning camerawork (at least one of its shots was duplicated exactly in the Tracy version), Manheim's off-used device of statuary performing symbolic counterpoint to off-screen violence is again in evidence in one of the murder scenes, the use of sound is often creative, thus hopes are achieved with interesting dissolves, slow fades, split screens and other devices, and the initial "changeover" sequence remains one of the screen's genuine highlights of horror, making with the swimming pool episode in *Car People* and the climactic, face-smashing scene in *The Mystery of the Wax Museum*. March's performance, for which he won an Academy Award, is occasionally highly theatrical, but it remains one of his best performances. For perhaps the only time when one player has essayed this kind of role, one really believes in the separation of personalities. Quite apart from the bizarre make-up, one just never tends to think that it is March who is Hyde. Miriam Hopkins, too, is formally not very good in these early 30's years, is quite perfect in her role.

The film is from Manheim's greatest period (1929-34, *Aynsley, City Streets, Love Me Tonight, Queen Christina*) and bears his pictorial trademarks all the way. If none of the symbolism seems a little too obvious — e.g., the building cauldron and flames that he returns to occasionally as a kind of "Hell" motif — it should be remembered that such symbolism is entirely consistent with a story that deals with the absolute separation of



Dr. Jekyll on a bumper, slumming through London's "Village," and—doing what a suave, man-about-town should do dressed to kill! Significant it is how the most famous monsters, mad scientists, etc., were and still happen to be leading members of the Establishment or

created by it. Boxoffice power doesn't seem possible, except in certain exceptions, having some poor slob or lower-class type developing a penchant for vampirism, blowing up the world, exotic diabolism, murder and mayhem.

good and evil.

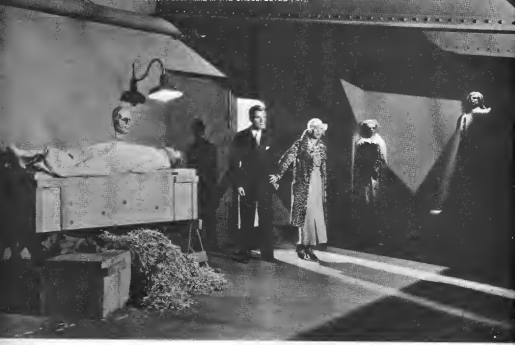
Unfortunately, there is no immediate likelihood of this film being revived theatrically, although there is a distinct possibility that it may appear, in slightly shortened form, as a TV special. But at least it's good to know that it exists, and that it lives up to its legend.

Since these notes were written, I have spent a week of unbridled passion in Brussels — screening films from morning till night at the Royal Film Archive, presided over by the benign Jacques Ledoux, who is never happier than when ferreting out seemingly lost films, and then (instead of hiding them away for "posterity," like so many archives) delights in getting them shown. During that week I caught a number of horror (or horror and fantasy-oriented) films that until recently were thought to have been lost, among them the silent German *Hands of Orlac* with Conrad Veidt and Fritz Kortner, Benjamin Christensen's marvelous American chiller, *Seven Footprints to Satan*, Murnau's early silent psychological thriller, *The Phantom*, and the disappointing, but still stylish, *The Man Without Desire*, a British film of the early 20's which tries hard to duplicate the imagery and mood of the German macabre fantasies of the same period. With films like these turning up — and in pristine print condition, too — surely we needn't yet abandon all hope for one day seeing *The Ghoul*, or a rich Technicolor print of *The Mystery of the Wax Museum*?

END



Michael Curtiz, director of *THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM*, was one of filmdom's most creative and prolific, yet, generally, most underrated men the industry's ever had. Up until the time of his death (Apr. 11, 1962) at the age of 73, Curtiz directed over 165 productions, including *DOCTOR X* ('32), also with Fay Wray & Lionel Atwill; *CAPTAIN BLOOD* ('35), Errol Flynn's first major role; *Karloff* in '36; *THE WALKING DEAD*; *THE ADVENTURES OF ROBIN HOOD* ('38); 1939: *GOOSE CITY*, *THE PRIVATE LIVES OF ELIZABETH & ESSEX*; *THE SEA HAWK* ('40); *YANKEE DOODLE DANDY* ('42); Robert in *CASABLANCA* ('43); *LIFE WITH FATHER* ('47); Claude Rains in *THE UNSUSPECTED* ('47).



Since I have just re-seen *THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM*, perhaps I can add a post-script to my article on the film in the nineteenth issue of *SCREEN FACTS*. That article was based on vivid memories of the film and several screenings — but the last of them some twenty-five years ago.

While I find that my memories were basically accurate, and I have no need to change any of my descriptive or critical comments, I would say that my enthusiasm for the film should now be reduced by some 40%. It just isn't the *CLASSIC* I implied, although it's certainly a wonderfully entertaining film, and still of course superior to its remake. But also, with the remake as a kind of guide-line, it seems that I mentally re-directed many of the highlights of the original. The climactic face-smashing scene for example, while better done than in the Vincent Price version, is also surprisingly abrupt and without sufficient build-up. Certainly it isn't neatly as inventively staged as the unmasking sequence in *Leon Chaney's PHANTOM OF THE OPERA*. And both *MYSTERY* and *HOUSE OF WAX* share a common fault: an inability to sustain the excitement of a dynamic opening reel.

The one basic flaw of *THE MYSTERY OF THE WAX MUSEUM* is its scenario's determination to live up to its title. It is constructed far more as a mystery than as a horror film, with so many characters and sub-plots that far too much time is taken away from the basic story-line. In this respect, if in no other, the remake is neater and more cohesive. For example, in the original, Atwill's porter, the man who destroys the wax museum (Edwin Maxwell; Roy Roberts in the remake) turns up later as an all-around small-time criminal. Among his activities is the supplying of bodies to the wax museum; he is also a dope pusher, and via this means has one of Atwill's minions (Arthur Edmund Carewe) under his domination. The dope angle is quite explicit incidentally,

One of the film's two nominal heroines is discovered in jail, framed on a murder charge that again cuts up footage to no real purpose. Fay Wray is brought into the film quite late (she has far less footage than Glenda Farrell, the wisecracking reporter who cracks the case) and has really nothing to do other than providing a luscious victim for Atwill in the closing reels. Incidentally, Miss Wray — first seen doing her exercises in sweater and brief shorts — looks most fetching in Technicolor. She also doubles for the wax figure of Marie Antoinette in the opening reel — none too convincingly. Why Curtiz didn't shoot a few seconds and freeze-frame it, I don't know — the shot goes on endlessly, and Miss Wray can be seen all too clearly breathing, twitching, moving her eyes, and even allowing some muscle movement in her right shoulder!

All in all, the original is subtler than the remake, but disorganized and lethargic, its potential never fully realized. What dates it far more than anything else today is its *TOTAL* lack of background music. How much *THE MUMMY* gained, for example, in its use of music as the moving camera prowled through the deserted museum. However, its highlights are still most effective. Atwill and Wray can hardly be bettered, its sets are spacious and well-designed, and its muted two-color Technicolor is still tremendously impressive and well-used.

As of this moment, it seems that initial plans to copy the film and put it back into some kind of distribution have been abandoned — but this situation can change of course. The main thing is that a print — a good, original, 35mm color print — DOES exist, and that it is not the "lost" film that we have for so long thought it to be. That it is also not quite the classic we all thought it to be is one of the hazards of such rediscoveries!

WILLIAM K. EVERSON





(Right & above): "Now when Count Yorga ice, 'Sleep,' then snore. And when seasons #2 'Low budget,' then will say, 'Fang You, kine Sur.'"



## COUNT YORGA, vampire

(51 mins; AIP, 1970).

Dependable George Macready narrates serviceable grade-B vampire-in-California tale. Vampire Robert Quarry, a Hurd Hatfield type with a Chris Lee profile, sucks fresh blood in modern urban establishment which nicely contrasts with old world

shenanigans. Lesbian elements were toned down for a GP rating. Though unpolished, it has a neat, sharp ending and knows when not to take itself seriously. Starring Roger Perry, Donna Anders and Michael Murphy (Movie-lab Color).

WRITTEN AND DIRECTED BY  
- BOB KELLIAN -



Though it obviously tried to be a "cooper" winning forebode opinion, from many quarters, possibly being the keynote for nearly anything these days, the image of the fitch howls heavily enough instantly, over this flick, in fact, a vampire really never had quite as good as can be seen when it's come to the left, to the right, below, over, under & above. So many chicks surrounding the good Count, they were harassed and immortalized all over in songs & dance, i.e. "Hey, Hey, Yorga Girl," "The Yorga Ballman," "Yorga Taps (Yorga Tower of Power)," etc. Geo. Macready's son, Mike, was producer.



# Dark Shadows



Alex Stevens was the stuntman for actor Don Briscoe, who has played the role of Chris Jennings, a werewolf in the TV version of *DARK SHADOWS*. In order to produce for the viewers Jennings' instantaneous transformation into a wolf man, Stevens' arduous hours of makeup preparation are evident in the shots (above and below) as he became ready by video-taping time.



**TV GUIDE** critic Cleveland Amory (both of him) opined that *DARK SHADOWS* is the all-time worst presentation "in the history of entertainment." This reveals Mr. Amory's lack of familiarity with his subject, since everybody's aware that Bert I. Gordon's *VILLAGE OF THE GIANTS* is the worst thing in the history of entertainment!

The fact is that *DARK SHADOWS*, a videotaped dilly ABC-TV serial, is an oasis in the wasteland of TV's daytime programmed mental retardation. Produced and created by Dan Curtis, who was responsible for the fine *ORSON WELLES* & *MR. HYDE* tv special with Jack Palance, OS is soap-opera styled but with the accent on suspense and terror rather than the usual socio-sexual hangups.

Beginning in 1966 as a Gothic-type mystery serial aimed at teenage girls, it followed the misfortunes of pretty Victoria Winters (Alexandra Moltke) after taking a job as governess at the forbidding Collingswood estate in isolated Collinsport, New England, overseen by high-strung Elizabeth Stoddard (Joan Bennett), and being frightened by the expected transparently "unexplainable" events. This formula proved unrewarding, and the show was going nowhere when a 175-year-old vampire named Barnabas Collins, played by Jonathan Frid, was introduced experimentally. The character caught on and Curtis was quick to shift the emphasis from mystery to the supernatural, as Karloff's NBC *THRILLER* series had done a few years before much to his success.

Since then the program has been merchandising itself into a major industry, including an endless string of paperback novels, one-shot publications, coloring books, record albums, and now, the boxoffice movie success, *HOUSE OF DARK SHADOWS*.

The show itself has become a compendium of horror movie clichés, brought to a boil by concentrating all the action, mostly culled from old Universal pictures, upon one family. OS's characters have suffered more shocks and horrors than three generations of Universal contract players; yet whenever the supernatural rears its shaggy head, they react as if it were intruding on an uneventful existence in Scarsdale. Thus we have Barnabas, himself a reformed vampire who has been killed and revived at least a number of times, participating in various magical and monster-making experiments, shifting back and forth in time innumerable occasions, watched a friend turn into a werewolf, and seen Mrs. Stoddard return alive and unharmed from entombment alive after six weeks, greeting every occult plot twist with puzzlement and the inevitable "... It can't be possible!"

Such things contribute to the pleasantly redundant quality of the soap opera form, stretching each development into weeks or even months, enabling viewers to pick up on the story even after missing huge chunks. It took Barnabas six weeks to figure out that little David Collins (David Henesy) was under control of an evil spirit from the grave, forcing him to do his bidding—like the time it made the boy stry a wire across the staircase, tripping and half-killing his father—a neat trick for the kiddies at home to try. Of course, wise professor Stokes (Thayer David) knew what was going on at the outset, but, as usual, nobody paid much attention.

Along the way, Barnabas has been transformed into the show's hero, and frankly Frid makes a better, more persuasive hero than a vampire, bottling in true Van Helsing style against the various porters of Evil, his vampiric past endowing him with a somewhat anti-hero cast. Frid manages to imbue the character with some dignity and even depth in the face of what is obviously limited rehearsal time.

Miss Moltke, who made no secret of her distastes at her clichéd role (Honestly, Victoria is so dumb!), was written out some time ago by

Continued p. 53

# A Case of Conscience...

FOR WEEKS, NOW, TOM REASE HAS MADE UN-ACCOUNTED FOR NIGHTLY VISITS TO THIS DERELICT MANSION. ALWAYS, HE FINDS HIMSELF STANDING IN THE MOONLIT LIVING ROOM... BEWILDERED. AS HE STANDS IN THE ROOM'S CENTER, MOONLIGHT SHINING WANLY ON THE BROKEN, DUST COVERED FURNITURE, HE ASKS HIMSELF:

WHY AM I HERE? WHAT MAKES ME LEAVE A WARM HOUSE AND SOFT BED FOR THIS ?!



THIS IS THE QUESTION HE ASKS EVERY NIGHT. FOR SEEMINGLY NO REASON AT ALL, HE LEAVES HIS PLUSH DOWNTOWN APARTMENT AND FINDS HIMSELF HERE, SERIOUSLY DOUBTING HIS SANITY.

...DARK IN HERE... NEED SOME LIGHT...



...NEVER BEEN UP STAIRS BEFORE...  
...MAY BE SOMETHING UP THERE TO EXPLAIN THIS MADNESS.



...JUST A HALL,  
DUSTY, MOLDY SMELLING...  
IT'S BEEN SOME TIME  
SINCE ANYONE LIVED HERE.  
FUNNY... ONLY ONE ROOM  
ON THIS LEVEL...

HE WALKS TO THE END OF THE HALL... TOWARDS THE HUGE, CARVED, DOUBLE PANELLED DOOR...

I DON'T KNOW WHY, BUT THIS DOOR LOOKS FAMILIAR... WONDER WHAT'S INSIDE...



OH, TOM... IT'S BEEN SO LONG.

YEAH, ANNIE, SURE... WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON HERE, ANYWAY?



YOU DON'T REMEMBER?

NO. FOR SOME STRANGE REASON, I COME TO THIS HOUSE I DON'T KNOW WHY... I DON'T EVEN KNOW IF I KNOW YOU... I... AW, I MUST BE NUTS!





I'LL TELL YOU WHY YOU  
COME HERE, TOM. YOU  
LOVED ME, ONCE, LONG AGO...



"BUT, YOU WEREN'T THE ONLY ONE.  
AT LEAST, A HALF DOZEN OTHER MEN  
WERE RIVALLING FOR ME..."

"MY FAMILY TURNED YOU AWAY  
WHEN YOU ASKED FOR MY HAND... SAID  
YOU WEREN'T GOOD ENOUGH...  
... SO, PLANS WERE MADE THAT  
I MARRY ONE OF MY OTHER SUITORS..."



...THE DATE WAS SET,  
BUT YOU...

WAIT!!  
WHAT'S THAT?!

...FROM THE HALL, CAME  
A FAINT GURGLING SOUND...

TOM?!...

YOU WAIT THERE...  
I'LL BE RIGHT BACK.



CAUTIOUSLY, HE MAKES HIS WAY  
DOWN THE HALL, STRAINING HIS EYES IN  
THE DIRECTION OF THE NOISE.

HE REACHES THE  
HEAD OF THE STAIRS,  
WHERE HE SEES...

OH, MY GOD!!

HIS SCREAMS ARE UNHEARD,  
FROZEN IN HIS THROAT, AS  
THE GHOULISH HORDE AD-  
VANCES UP THE STAIRCASE,  
GRAY CLODS OF GRAVE MUD  
AND ROTTED FLESH  
DROPPING IN ITS WAKE...



...CHOKED WITH HORROR AND GASPING IN DISGUST, HE BACKS AWAY, BUT TAKES ONLY TWO STEPS BEFORE BEING TRIPPED BY LONG BONY FINGERS...



...IN A MOMENT, THEY'RE ALL ABOUT HIM... PARALYZED WITH TERROR, HE CAN DO NOTHING BUT WATCH AS THEY PULL AND CLUTCH, SLOWLY SUBDUING HIM BY STRENGTH OF NUMBERS... COLD BLACK CLAWS SINK INTO HIS FLESH...



... SUDDENLY, HIS HORROR LEAVES HIM, REPLACED BY RAGE AND ANGER, ENABLING HIM TO FIGHT BACK!





THE FIGHTING BRINGS THEM CLOSE  
TO THE STAIR-HEAD. WITH A DESPERATE KICK,  
HE SENDS ONE OF THEM INTO THE PUTRESCENT  
CROWD ON THE STAIRS,  
MOMENTARILY SLOWING THEM.



...HEAD REELING, HE STAGGERS  
QUICKLY DOWN THE HALL,  
BACK TO ANNIE'S ROOM...



...ONCE INSIDE, HE  
SLAMS THE DOOR AND LEANS  
AGAINST IT, COLD SWEAT  
BEADING HIS BROW...



THOSE...THINGS  
OUT THERE...  
HORRIBLE...  
WHAT DO THEY  
WANT OF ME?...

YOU DON'T KNOW?...  
...I'LL TELL YOU...

HE STARES AT HER, INCREDULOUSLY

WHAT?!... YOU...YOU KNOW ABOUT THEM?... I...

YOU DIDN'T LET ME FINISH MY STORY. AS I WAS SAYING...

...I WAS READY TO BE MARRIED. THE CEREMONIES, INCLUDING THE RECEPTION, WERE HELD IN THIS VERY HOUSE.

THOUGH NOT INVITED, YOU WERE THERE, THE JEALOUSY IN YOU DEMANDING BUT ONE THING... REVENGE... REVENGE ON THOSE MORE FORTUNATE THAN YOU...



"WHILE THE PARTY WAS IN PROGRESS, YOU SPIKED THE PUNCH, USING ENOUGH ARSENIC TO POISON HALF THE CITY..."





...AS A RESULT,  
EVERYONE THERE DIED...  
...HORRIBLY.

BUT... I...  
...I DON'T...

OUTSIDE THE ROOM, HE COULD  
HEAR THEM LURCHING AND STUMB-  
LING... PAINFULLY MAKING THEIR  
WAY DOWN THE HALL...



YOU DON'T REMEMBER? OF  
COURSE NOT!... YOUR DEED WAS SO  
WRETCHED, SO HORRIBLE, THAT YOU  
BLOCKED IT FROM YOUR MIND, REFUSED  
TO ACCEPT IT... INDUCED A STATE OF  
SELF-AMNESIA SO YOUR CONSCIENCE  
WOULDN'T DRIVE YOU MAD!!...



THEY WERE RIGHT OUTSIDE, NOW...  
HE COULD HEAR THEM POUNDING FEEBLY  
ON THE DOOR...



THEN... THEY...  
OUT THERE...  
GOOD LORD!!

YES... THE PEOP-  
LE YOU MURDERED  
MORE THAN TEN  
YEARS AGO.

...IT ALL BEGAN TO COME BACK  
NOW—THE HAPPY WEDDING GUESTS...  
...THE SMALL BLUE VIAL OF ARSENIC  
TWO HUNDRED FIFTY CORPSES...

...ALREADY, THE DOOR BEGINS  
TO BUCKLE BENEATH THE MASSIVE  
WEIGHT OF THE ONSLAUGHT...



C'MON, ANNIE... LET'S GET  
OUTTA HERE WHILE THERE'S  
STILL TIME!



ALRIGHT, TOM...

...YOU KNOW, TOM... TEN YEARS  
AGO YOU COULDN'T HAVE ME...  
BUT NOW, I'M ALL YOURS.



JUST THEN,  
THE DOOR GAVE WAY.

# LATEST FILM NEWS



## FUTURE FANTASY FILMS

Philip B. Moshcovitz, editor

Universal's **ANDROMEDA STRAIN** will be one of the major sci-fi films released in '71. Helmed by Robert Wise (dir. of *The Haunting*, *Day the Earth Stood Still*, *Sound of Music*), it's based on the best-selling novel by Michael Crichton. Though Arthur Hill, David Wayne and James (Moon Zero Two) Olson are starring, the multi-level film set takes priority over the relatively unknown cast. It was constructed on one of Univ's largest sound stages at a cost of over \$250,000. The six million dollar-plus production is supposed to remain faithful to the book, which deals with the consequences of a contaminated unmanned satellite returning to earth. Fox had at one time turned down rights to the film before the book was published and became a best-seller.

Douglas Trumbull, 2001's special effects magician, was wisely hired by Robert to create a sequence depicting the Andromeda's growth. 4 months of preparation and 22 hours of filming result in 30 seconds on the screen. Trumbull is also working at Universal on his own film, **RUNNING SILENT**, based on his original story. Very similar to 2001, it features only one actor: transporting supplies from Earth to Mars, the astronaut is completely alone, except for accompanying robots and computers. A living intelligence, in the form of a force field (no, it's nothing like a w.c. field), is encountered in deep space which gives him a psychedelic experience.

Warner's will produce Robert Heinlein's **STRANGER IN A STRANGE LAND**. Set in the future, it involves upheaval in the world. Growing up among Martians, a man returns to Earth with surprising sexual, religious and political views. Warner's is also completing distribution arrangements on recently finished **THX 1138**, based on a short subject (THX 4 EB) which won the National Student Film Festival's grand prize.



Julius Caesar (John Gielgud) is stabbed to death in the Roman Senate by a group of conspirators, including Richard Johnson as Cassius (left) and Jason Robards as Cassius (right) in AIP's **JULIUS CAESAR**. Also starring: Charlton Heston, Robert Vaughn, Diana Rigg and Richard Chamberlain. Bottom photo: Joe Cornelius playing the title role in a dog of a flick called **TROG**. Joan Crawford stars in this unbelievably crude production and would have done better in one of her Pepsi-Cola plants.

In 1967, it concerns a subterranean society of the future where life is completely programmed by psychic control exercised by computers. Two people try to break out of this structure only to be confronted by SEN 524, manipulator of the cosmos and ruler of this Distant Pleasure. In this strange world it is a crime not to take drugs and the sex act is outlawed. People get their kicks by mental orgasm. The police are robots who use electronic prods instead of guns. A large portion of the cast, including the women, appear bald. Fifty members of the Synanon House in Oakland were also employed. Johnny Weissmuller, Jr. appears as a chrome robot. The sequence of the film included, this will probably receive an R or X rating.

20th Century-Fox has a good thing going with its APES film series, ESCAPE FROM THE PLANET OF THE APES is the third sequel, starring Roddy McDowall and Kim Hunter. Since the planet detonated to pieces in BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES, a space carrier will bring some of the simian back into the 20th Century to present times. The ape makeup takes 3 1/2 hours to apply and an hour and a half to remove. Because of its claustrophobic effect, Miss Hunter had to take a daily dose of tranquilizers while the mask was formed on her face. The first two APE films will be re-released together this spring.

Charlton Heston won't be seen again in APES owing to commitments with Warner's I AM LEGEND, adapted from Richard Matheson's novel. AIP was the last to make a stab at this story in "Last Man On Earth" with Vincent Price.

AIP's lineup for 71 is quite impressive and includes remakes of WUTHERING HEIGHTS, HOUSE OF THE 7 GABLES, CRY OF THE BANSHEES (Price, Elizabeth Taylor), THE VAMPIRE LOVERS (Cushing & Dawn Adams), DA SAGE '71 (Jack Palance and Akim Tamiroff), WIDJY JUDGE (Christopher Lee and Maria Schell), BLOOD AND GEMS (with Gino Graham), BLOOD ON THE DARE (Betty Davis, Ernest Borgnine), THE INCREDIBLE 3-HEADED TRANSPARENT, DR. PHIBBS (Price, Jos. Cotten). And in current release: THE VAMPIRE LOVERS (Cushing & Dawn Adams), BLOOD AND GEMS (with Gino Graham), BLOOD ON THE DARE, WUTH' HEIGHTS. Incidentally, will play at NYC's Radio City Music Hall first for the young (18 years old) company.

Mark Lester of "Oliver" and Shelley Long of "The Giver" are in GUNNERS' LADY, being billed as a rather grim fairy tale. Price and Jos. Cotten get it all together in DR. PHIBBS: about a man who changes his facial features by removing them like a jigsaw puzzle.

BARRACUDA 2000 A.O. concerns the last woman alive on earth. BLOB fans will be going for G.D.D. (Genetic Octopodular Ooze) as it attacks the world and seduces a refrigerator in chilling claims.

Roman Polanski's next one is an updated version of MACBETH, produced by head cotton-tail Hans Heifer. The witches in this modern offering will be in the buff. . . . September 8, Suburban New England are completing THE HOUSE THAT DRIPPED BLOOD with Chris Lee and Peter Cushing. Their film, I, A WOMAN, evidently inspired them to make I, A MONSTER also with Lee and Cushing. The Ashley (formerly with AIP's "Bash Party") is making BEAST OF THE YELLOW NIGHT. He's also executive producer.

MEPHISTO WALTZ from Fox features Alan Arkin, Barbara Parkes, Jacqueline Bisset and Curt Jurgens. It's a love story, perverted and debased, of trust broken and betrayed. A story of inner fears and ritual terror, and is supposed to stand as the definitive, hair-raising statement on the dominance of evil. The people are very beautiful and its games are very occult. From the dog who wears a human mask to the man with another person's head, the film is with darkness and the ultimate transplant of the human soul (it also stars, of course, The Blisset with S Fingers).

Curtis Harrington (Night Tide, Games) will direct Filmways' THE BEST OF PUPPETS ENDS with Debbie Reynolds, Shelley Long and Agnes Moorehead; in some respects it's similar to "Whatever Happened to Baby Jane". . . . Kirk Douglas, Yul Brynner and Samantha Eggar star in Jules Verne's THE

LIGHT AT THE EDGE OF THE WORLD. . . . Irwin Allen (being interviewed in the next issue of CoP), who produced "Voyage to the Bottom of the Sea," "Lost World," "Time Tunnel," "N. O. S. in Space," and the unmentioned but good "Land of the Giants" is alive and well producing CITY BENEATH THE SEA with Stuart Whitman, Rosemary Forsyth, Richard Basehart, Jos. Cotten and Robert Wagner. A TV series may result if the picture proves a money-maker.

UP AHEAD: DEAR DEAD DELILAH, Agnes Moorehead and Michael Ansara. . . . Bert I. Gordon's TD FACTORY with Pamela Franklin. . . . DISNEY'S MILLION DOLLAR QUACK; Dean Jones, Joe Flynn, James Gregory, Edward Andrews. About a duck laying golden eggs and takes its owner to the moon. . . . KING OF THE WITCHES, a modern-day story of a warlock. . . . JOURNEY OF THE AQUANAUTS (prod. by Arthur Asaf Jabo) will be a revised sci-fi film about the odyssey of manned underwater exploration in the year 1930. . . . Roger Lewis will write the screenplay for SOLAR WIND produced by Ivan Tors ("Flippers," "Kronos"). He's also worked on "Freddie Brown" and "THING... Hammer's CREATURES THE WORLD FORGOT" will star Julie Gale, who is being touted as the new Raquel Welch. Jim Danforth will handle the animation for the new blood creatures, not Eep. . . . BLOOD RDSE is based on the premise that a once beautiful face, mutilated in a fire, might be restored by transplanting the skin from another woman. . . . The late Edward Everett Horton's last film, "LOVE AND LUCK" with Dick Van Dyke; about a town in the midwest which quits smoking (impossible). . . . PIKE, based on the life of the pirate, James Pike who died at the peak of his life. . . . LORD OF THE RINGS by Tolkien from United Artists (of course, being in sound, it's a token picture). . . . GODDYBY, CALIFORNIA isn't a sequel to "Goddyby, Columbus," but a comedy starring Jay dealing with events as L.A. starts slipping away (didn't it already?). . . . PDREVER from MGM: a musical based on the story of the same name by Mildred Cram on an Armenian and an American who fall in love before their births, rendezvous in real life and continue their alliance after death. The kissing never stops (that's how they cram it all together). . . . THE SHAM: a horror story set in Ireland, to be camp by Evan Hunter ("Last Summer," "The Blackboard Jungle"). . . . Universal's THE MIGHT BE GIANTS with Geo. C. Scott and Jeanne Woodward is a wild comedy about a psychonaut and a jester who have a delightful delusion together. . . . THE BIG TOYS, TONIGHT YOU SLEEP, and THE MUMMY & THE CURSE OF THE JACKAL, now being prepared. . . . PEOPLE SOUP, a salty-dog tale of sci-fi-fantasy directed by Alan Arkin, starring his two sons. . . . THE GHOULS ARE AMONGST US. . . . Warner's THE LEMMINGS, a short subject based on Peet's poem "Annabelle Lee". . . . The producers of JOE and MARY are doing the "Easy Rider" of horror films...A modern version of BOMBA, The Jungle Boy, is underway. . . . AIP's THE COLOUR OUT OF DARKNESS will be based on Lovecraft's two tales, Colour and The Strange Case of Chas. Dexter Ward. . . . Stanley KUBRICK's next film is based on Anthony Burgess's novel, A CLOCK-ORANGE: a black comedy, a treatment of teenage violence in a futuristic western state.

Merritt's SEVEN FOOTPRINTS TO SATAN settings readied (last time around was a dramatic feature made in 1929; Merritt went during the screening). . . . TV NEWS Rod Serling's NIGHT GALLERY is clocking tremendous audience ratings, according to the word getting around. While soft-pedaling sheer shock value, it's infinitely similar to Twilight Zone, and unfortunately that its duration will be limited (re-runs ahead this summer for those of you who missed any of it). . . . A supernatural drama called ANNIE, COME HOME HERE, Farrell is slated for ABC. Farrell penned HOW AWFUL ABOUT ALAN. . . . Vincent Price is making a pilot for a proposed series called BOO, a spoof on horror films. He's

also just completed a six-part food show for England called COOKING; PRICE-WISE. . . . Ray Bradbury and George Pal will contribute to ABC's children show, CURIOUSITY SHOW, next season. . . . THE IMMORTAL, one of the greatest disappointments of all time is being asked (that is, is asked to come back!). . . .

Mish-Moshion Impossible: Dan Curtis of DARK SHADOWS got his start in show biz at the old Monogram studio where he readied films for \$40 a week. . . . New rock record group called THE VAMPIRE STATE BUILDING whose latest single is "I'm Bats About You". . . . Illiash Cooks (House On Haunted Hill, Rosemary's Baby) is catnip in film and TV. . . .

In 1951 the late Dick Powell appeared in the fantasy, YOU NEVER CAN TELL, about a murdered German shepherd dog who returns to earth in human form to find his killer. . . . Home video cassette, still unduly, totally replace films in future, especially because of their fantastically low cost (in the beginning, prices might be somewhat higher but will go quickly get lowered: the same as the video cassette, which cost \$100, which listed originally up to \$6.95 and are now getting price-slashed to \$1.50 to \$3 tops). This is causing a long-due panic among certain greedy "dealers" who've been gouging consumers too long. . . . Practically every major studio will open up its film vaults for the cassette boom. . . .

Remember Dennis "Easy Rider" Hopper who he appeared in PLANET OF THE APES? He's now in "Easy Rider" and "The Music for TV's DARK SHADOWS and its MGM counterpart made a cameo appearance in the latter. In '69 his music was nominated for a Grammy. . . .

The Devil Doll Needle to: The scandal sheet, NATIONAL TATLER (Mar. 16/69) whose fairly interesting tribute to Boris Karloff was marred by the following statement: "The second of his Boris Dead? Or is He Just Putting Us On?"

The Needle also to Herman Cohen for using film clips of Harryhausen's "Animal World" for his newest doc, TRDG. . . . Easy Rider's music, which is screaming appear to have been used before in either I SAW WHAT YOU DID OR STRAIT-JACKET. . . .

Actual motion picture shooting scripts are available for a limited time only.

TWELVE TO THE MOON, \$8; SKULL-DUGGERY, \$7.50; TV scripts from THE WORLD OF GIANTS (with Marshall Thompson) are \$10 each (don't confuse with AIP's "Land of the Giants"). . . .

Mosheovitz, Box 1410, Main P.O., Boston, Mass.

TOMORROW, a musical Space film by quickie king Harry Saltzman was supposed to have introduced a new rock group of the same name. Since the project fizzled, TOMORROW was cancelled. . . .

THE NATIONAL ENQUIRER reported that Lon Chaney Jr. is 85 years old and reportedly has a heart condition, cancer surgery. Married 24 years, he lives near San Clemente, Calif., where he's busy dictating his autobiography (Bogak the Boar, where are you?). Haney appeared in over 400 films, and looking more than ever in tell-me-more-about-the-rabbits mood, he confided: "They don't know how to make good horror films in Hollywood anymore. So, they really need it today. They make horror films perverted, sexy and even funny." . . .

A new method for projecting 3-D films has been perfected and can be seen on the screen without the use of glasses. Some of Film Censors demanded a 13-second cut in the nude nightmare sequence in ROSEMARY'S BABY. Polanski felt that England's enthusiasm over witchcraft and the black magic is the real reason. "This is the only country where censorship was imposed on this film. . . . HOUSE OF WAX was satirized in a 2-part episode on GET SMART. . . .

David Friedman, producer of BLOOD FEAST and SHE-FREAK obtained his film experience in the Signal Corps producing instructional films. He was involved in several diseases and captured German footage of the concentration camp Oshau . . . Margaret Hamilton, the Wicked Witch of WIZARD OF

OZ, is now in her sixties and a veteran of over 70 films. While filming OZ, she was hospitalized for six weeks with hand and face burns, resulting from an overabundance of fire and smoke used during her disappearing scene.

Supercold superstar, Clint Eastwood, was a lab assistant in RETURN OF THE CREATURE. Don Seidel, who has directed a few of Eastwood's films (COGGAN'S BLUFF) also helmed the Adult Artists classic INVASION OF THE BODY SNATCHERS. . . The N.Y. Times said that KING KONG ESCAPES turned the same age into "a splendid, growling Uncle Tom."

Shades of Orson Welles: a Chicago TV talk show, discussing the probability of Los Angeles sinking into the sea, showed a film clip of Bar's WAR OF THE WORLDS. Viewers turning in late thought it was the real thing and they flooded the station and newspapers with phone calls. . . Joan Crawford's daughter is a soap opera star who is currently penning a science fiction novel. Someone thinks it might be called "Vishmen Co-hen": probably a Trop-doglike creature, all hairy, stupid, and esch-like, using the worst hunk-and-peek system to turn out movie scripts.

**FAMOUS FANTASY FILMS** (Philip B. Moshcovitz, Box 1410, Main P.O., Boston, Mass. \$1.00 per copy). Professionally printed, on hi-grade glossy stock, with many rare stills. Rave reviews from all parts of the world have all agreed this to be "one of the most valuable publications to ever cover fantasy film-making" (awarded the coveted Mary Shelley Award by The Institute of Gothic Romance). Articles include an Academy Award Checklist for fantasy films; behind the scenes reports on the making of FORBIDDEN PLANET, plus HOUSE OF WAX, including 35 more photos, many never seen before. Supply is very limited right now.

**THOSE ENOURING MATINEE IDOLS** (Robert Malcomson, 35555 Asbury Park Cr., Mt. Clemens, Mich. 48043), \$1- back issues \$2- subscription \$5 for 6 issues. A nostalgic excursion into the off-banger era which vividly recaptures never-forgotten stars and serials of the past. Completely professional in quality & photos.

**BLACK ORACLE** (Geo. Stover, Box 2361, Baltimore, Md. 21203), 3 issues for \$1. Unlimited in scope and details, articles in No. 4 contain an interview with screenwriter Robert Bloch, the films of M. R. James, plus a fascinating account about newspapers that censor the word "Blood" from their ads. Info on how to obtain stills from censored scenes in KING KONG is included. In some circles, George Stover is known for his Bloody Hair Hunk, an unusual novelty he's selling.

**PHOTON** (Mark Frank, 401 Ave. C, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11218), \$1.00 a copy, and well worth it. If you haven't heard of this journal, it's a definite must if you consider yourself any shade of a true fantasy film buff. Fully offset with many photos, etc., No. 18 includes a complete analysis of THE GAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL, a review plus glossy pull-out still of JUST IMAGINE, and one of the most complete Vampire Film checklists ever printed.

**CINEFANTASTIQUE** (Fred Clark, 74-76 Olversey, Elmhurst Park, Ill. 60635), \$1 per copy. Though relatively new, it's remarkably professional, detailed and scholarly in every respect. Large size, 48 pages, offset on 48 glossy pages with a big selection of photos, the first issue contains a complete history of RASPUTIN films; the difficulties in theatrical distribution of THE GAMINO plus the 8th Trieste Film SF FESTIVAL. No. 2 will include The History and Technique of Fantasy Film Animation. This may be indeed a labor of love.

**Short Takes:**  
**GORE CREATURES** (Joc. Gary Seebia, 5906 Karon Ave., Baltimore, Md. 21202). Deals solidly, excellently with fantasy-horror films. Warmly recommended.

**L'INCROYABLE CINEMA** (Joc. 4 issues for \$2, from Steve & Irwin Vertlieb, 1517 Benner St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19148). Methodical, stylized, in-depth, etc. One of the very best non-commercial-but pro's like publications around.

— Phil Moshcovitz —



Chris Lee is at it again in Hammer's latest Draculan epic, SCARS OF DRACULA (above). Awaited is the now completed DRACULA, starring Chris Lee in the title role, of course. Advance word from Europe has it as the best and most faithful version yet made. Bottom: COLOSSUS: THE FORBIDDEN PROJECT is easily one of the finest SF-right-terror films in a very long time and one of 1970's top best but, obviously, over the Academy Awards committee's heads as too many genuinely fine films have been in the past.



## ABOUT 2001

Dear Mr. Beck:

It is with pleasure that I can say your magazine is one of the few that has given any kind of justice to this unusually exciting and demanding film.

When 2001 opened on Broadway on April 16, New York offered the suggestion that "most people should be prepared before going to see the film." In this way "they will be less concerned with the apparent adventure and more aware of the nitty gritty details." In this connection, may I suggest that your readers check over some of the provocative remarks Stanley Kubrick made in an interview with William Kijowski in *The New York Times*, April 14, 1967.

Ray Bradbury's opinion of the film, which appeared in *Cof No. 13*, is surprisingly orthodox. Because he objects to what he calls the "banal dialogue" and to the "false intellectual concept that the future will dehumanize," Mr. Bradbury saddles the film with a scenario that is not authentic. The highly talented Mr. Bradbury forgets that machines do not make men mechanical. It is man who makes the machine mechanical and to program murder into its behavior.

Kubrick's film may launch the art of filmmaking into a whole new era of possibilities. When the initial bewilderment has worn off, the audience, I think, realizes that 2001 is no more about space travel than *Dr. Zivago* was about medicine. 2001 is neither a conventional story nor one that is told in a familiar way. Rather, it is a cunning probe of the human condition. Like all genuine art that operates on several levels, the film is both exciting and exciting in its demands on the viewer.

Most movies tell their stories in a literal, realistic manner. With the exception of some Bergman, Fellini and Warhol films, few pictures break away from what is clearly arguable and demonstrable. In 2001 space travel is the observable fact, providing the rule-

ments of a plot that quickly dwindles into mystery, but observable fact pales in significance when we watch the director's style move against a sterile realism that constitutes the nub of the drama. Since the struggle is unconventional, he does not use conventional means.

By using images that are multi-dimensional in their effect, the artist has offered us the vision of man busily priming the universe to become a kind of extension of his mechanized suburbia, presided over by the schizoid strains of a Strauss waltz. His characters, presumably advanced intellectually, resemble computers. We remember vividly the computer's name, "Hal," but we cannot recall the names of the human actors. What has happened? As we watch the human actors travel in their grooves like bland, humorless robots, it occurs to us that man never looked so much like a square—a self-made and self-destroying robot.

In the year 2001 man will not die heroically—a computer will be programmed to press a button sending him twirling and twisting into starlit anonymity. Back in the days of the apeman, murder was committed by using a bloody thigh-bone, but in 2001 death takes its reality by being salvaged within a precision-made environment. In 2001 death becomes a light flashing on a dub screen silently signing the message "Computer Malfunction" or "Life Termination."

Well, as Emerson said, now that man has made the machine so perfect, the engineer is nobody.

Kubrick does not spell out this freeing vision of things to come. He simply shows us what can develop if we allow ourselves to be intimidated by our own myths of science and progress. And I would say his is less an opinion than it is an observation.

How incredibly intelligent is man that he can plummet himself to the stars, and yet is there any dialogue more skull-rattling in its boredom than what we listen to in

this picture?

There is nothing in 2001 that brings into stronger focus the attention that will dwell in the heart of the future pioneer. Only a superstitious breed of man, so thoroughly enclosed within themselves, could with such deep, incommunicable pride run hard on the universe itself and keep arranging it (or trying to fit it into a set of the latest commercial clichés).

Ray Bradbury says: "Intellectuals have been saying to themselves all the time that the future will dehumanize—crap. Not necessarily. Not proven."

One close student of human affairs who may disagree with Mr. Bradbury is Pope Paul VI. As recently as July, 1968, the Pope said in his famous *Humanae Vitae*:

"In face of the growing attitude that it is the prerogative of the human intellect to dominate the energies offered by irrational nature, the Church engages man not to abdicate his responsibility in order to rely on technical means."

The Pope is referring to a temptation in the human being to achieve, if possible, even a mechanical operation of the spirit through electricity, chemicals, etc. Mr. Bradbury claims he is happy with the invention of the motion picture machine, "a robot that instructs us about ourselves."

I am equally as happy, but especially so, when that machine is operated by Stanley Kubrick.

John J. Fox, Chairman, Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, 1688 East 53rd Street, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11234.

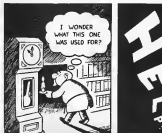
## POTPOURRI

Dear Cof Heads:

Cof has been improving tremendously with each successive issue and has it all over any publication (or so-called "monster mag") involved with the field of Fantasy and Imagination. Yours is the only publication I know of printing the words of Harnes

# Baron von Bungle

BY RICHARD BOJARSKI





Remember

ALEX  
RAYMOND'S

# FLASH GORDON

It's not *Camp*  
...It's not **POP!** ...It's simply *Nostalgia*



## Remember Sunday morning when you were a kid?

Weekday mornings were wandering off to school half-asleep, but Sunday morning was different. You woke up wide-eyed, ran to the front door, dragged in the newspaper, stretched out stomach down on the floor . . . and suddenly you were on Mongo, fighting Ming along with Flash, Dale and Dr. Zarkov! Alex Raymond worked four days and four nights each week to make that little fantasy world come alive for you each Sunday. Today, collectors pay up to \$100 for comic books with Raymond art. He was *The Master*. Working from models, experimenting with imaginative new ideas, executing it all with superb draftsmanship and masterful brush technique . . . well, there's never been another adventure strip like *FLASH GORDON*. It's a classic.

Bet you haven't thought about those Sunday mornings for a long time. We have. Here at Nostalgia Press, we would rather think about Flash instead of Vietnam, acid and the annual summer riots.

So we rounded up Raymond's black-and-white originals—to insure quality reproduction—and we're offering them to you in a handsome hardcover limited edition. We made sure to include the much-discussed

"Ice Kingdom" sequence, so even the most enthusiastic Raymond buffs couldn't get mad at us; and noted strip artist Al Williamson has written a biographical tribute to Alex Raymond's genius. It's Sunday all over again!

When you get your copy, we think you'll agree that it deserves to be shelved alongside your Picasso books.

*The perfect gift for the person who thinks he has everything.*

**\$13.75** Plus 95¢  
for postage  
and handling.



Mail \$13.75 (plus 95 cents for postage & handling) to:  
GOTHIC CASTLE, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

ALEX  
RAYMOND'S



# HEROES! FILM HISTORY

Here's unique memorabilia and nostalgia—film history data, beautifully reproduced rare photos, pressbook and lobby-card reproductions—all in handsome printed book form. Their contents would cost a small fortune if bought separately. (Since some of these items are already in short supply, it's wise not to wait. Forthcoming issues of CoF will not carry certain numbers or titles.)

## GREAT SERIAL ADS \$2.00

Pressbook reproductions from THE MONSTER AND THE APE, FLASH GORDON CONQUERS THE UNIVERSE, THE CRIMSON GHOST, THE LOST PLANET, THE PURPLE MONSTER STRIKES and dozens more!

## SERIAL QUARTERLY #1 \$2.00

Complete chapter-by-chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions: DAREDEVIL OF THE RED CIRCLE, ATOM MAN VS. SUPERMAN, ELAKE OF SCOTLAND YARD and others.

## SERIAL QUARTERLY #2 \$2.00

Complete chapter-by-chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions: Lugosi's SHADOW OF CHINATOWN, THE MASKED MARVEL, ERICK BRADFORD, TERRY AND THE PIRATES and more.

## SERIAL QUARTERLY #3 \$2.00

Complete chapter-by-chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions: BATMAN AND ROBIN, SPIDER RETURNS, JE. G-MEN OF THE AIR and more!

## SERIAL QUARTERLY #4 \$2.00

Complete chapter-by-chapter storyline details, photos and pressbook reproductions: HAUNTED HORROR, BLACK HAWK, THE SEA HOUND and more!



## 8x10 STILL SETS \$5.00 per set

Five beautiful glossy stills per set (Sally... no special requests for specific stills... Order by number 21 (FLASH GORDON); #2 (1939 RUCK ROGERS); #3 (1940 GREEN HORNET); #4 (MILK CAPT. AMERICA, CAPT. MARVEL, BATMAN and PHANTOM); #5 (MILK D.C.K. TRACY, JUNGLE JIM, SPY SMASHER, PHANTOM RIDER, RED RYDER); #6 (MILK BOCKSTEIN, NYOKA, LONG RANGER, DON WINSLOW, NAHODRAKE); #7 (MILK JUNGLE GIRL, DRUMS OF FU MANCHU, MASKED MARVEL, CAPT. MIDWINTER, MYSTERIOUS DR. SATANI); #8 (MILK FLASH GORDON, SECRET CODE, ZORRO, GREEN HORNET, KING OF THE ROYAL MOUNTED).

## PHOTO ALBUMS

Great scenes! Picture after picture without cropping.

FLASH GORDON ALBUM (16 still reproductions from first three serials) .... \$1.00  
FRANKENSTEIN ALBUM (eight pages of still reproductions) .... \$1.00  
DRACULA ALBUM (eight pages of still reproductions) .... \$1.00

## BORIS KARLOFF \$3.95

Large 8 1/2" x 11" book about the Master of the Macabre himself in over 100 choice and rare stills (arranged in chronological order); plus a biographical appreciation and complete filmography list.



## ERROL FLYNN \$3.95

Same format, etc. as Karloff book above, with more than 100 dynamic photos (most of them very rare) of the screen's greatest swashbuckler hero (plus a filmography, checklist, etc.).

## MOVIE ADS OF THE PAST \$1.50

Lobby-card and pressbook reproductions from Buster Crabbe movies, Ken Maynard's COME ON, TAZZAR and John Wayne and many many more!

## SERIAL PICTORIAL \$2.00 ea.

- #1-ADVENTURES OF CAPTAIN MARVEL
- #2-THE MASKED MARVEL
- #3-DARKEST AFRICA
- #4-SPY SMASHER
- #5-DRUMS OF FU MANCHU
- #6-ZORRO'S FIGHTING LEGION
- #7-SECRET AGENT X-9
- #8-Famous Republic Serial Villain  
Roy Barcroft

THE SERIAL: Vol. II \$14.00  
(Vol. One sold out). Synopses, guidelines, etc. Over 300 pages on Columbia, Republic, Universal and more. Now in very limited supply.

SERIAL SHOWCASE \$3.95  
Handsome, large 8 1/2" x 11" book—200 wonderful photos of Serial-dom's Golden Age.  
DAYS OF THRILLS & ADVENTURE  
In large 8 1/2" x 11" "heritage" book format, each volume has scores of collector's item photos, lobby cards, posters and other rare memorabilia.

Vol. I, and Vol. II, each: \$5.95

**GOTHIC CASTLE— 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017**

really a robot from another dimension, and THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER, Charles Laughton's brooding masterpiece of childhood fear.

I really treasure the colorful photos at the back of each CoF issue. How about adding STAR TREK to this collection.

I hope your magazine goes on forever. Carmen Michela, 15321 Veronica, East Detroit, Mich. 48021.

#### CoF MAO

Dear CoF Editors:

Had to write and tell you how much I enjoy your excellent magazine. CoF is my favorite of them all. I thought I've only bought six issues so far, I stand by my opinion. I see one on the stands.

By the way, I really like the small prints; this way you can get a lot of pictures in an issue, and don't have to worry about the cluttering with the amount of reading; the smaller the print, the more reading. And I really like the reports of movie poster. I love reading your because your mail, but I can't stand up because your mail is so wonderful to cut up! [Suggestion] May 2 at a time.

Kent Kirby, 1340 Pine St., Naples, Fla. 33949.

#### FLYING SAUCERS

Dear Editor:

I can't agree with the few readers who say articles on Flying Saucers in CoF is a waste of space. It is strange to find readers who profess such interest in the genre of SFantasy claiming not to have any interest in the reality upon which such fiction is based. Yet one would think that any news supporting the hypothesis of extraterrestrial life would be a delight to the futuristic science fiction reader or moviegoer.

A recent film based on an aspect of UFO is THE MONITORS. The plot concerns dark-clad mysterious investigators/reformers who are obviously of extraterrestrial origin. This parallels the many reports of M. I.'s (Men in Black)—otherwise known as the Science in Fiction—series. And I threaten and silence UFO investigators and other people who claim evidence of UFO sightings or contacts.

Perhaps you have not heard the rumor circulating that ABC-TV's THE INVADERS was not canceled due to low ratings, but announced, but rather due to the impending resignation of Jerry Timmer who, purportedly, had been threatened with the loss of his job when the show dealt with topics considered "too hot to handle." When reached for comment, Timmer said he had no intention of leaving no comment other than the fact that the more truth behind the TV plots than most people realize is published in SAEER News, Spring 1968, p.33.

John Muller, GMR No.1, Box 2568, Keeler AFB, Miss. 39534.

We agree with you—the any SFantasy fan may keep his outlook broad as possible and maintain a healthy curiosity for everything. But, too often, fans often have a tendency to shy away from documentary type material since they're out mostly for a good time. What's a lot wonder is that minorities of hard-core SFans are intolerantly opposed to not just fantasy, especially "horror," but were until very recently responsible for shutting out film activity from major conventions (almost 100% of a good many) and "power" manipulated by a vocal but narrow-minded minority. —CTB.

#### SPANTASY FILMISIC

Dear Mr. Beck:

Commenting on reader Miller's letter on fantasy filmisic (CoF 13). One reason why no composer has consistently written good scores for fantasy films is that no composer has been unlucky enough to be "typed" in this area. Max Steiner's score for KING KONG was just such a great achievement, but crude and hampered by Steiner's affection for synchronizing music with visuals (which, today judges itself), though it did add "punch" to a film during a time when film music was being used by the studios.

Though Jerry Goldsmith is by no means a top composer, his PLANET OF THE APES score enhanced the atmosphere with its quasi-ironic futuristic quality. On the other hand, an excellent composer like Georges Auric was anything but subtle in scoring THE INNOCENTS.

Yet, there have been also many fine instances of fantasy filmisic. The first and foremost is the late Franc Waxman's BRIEDE ANAHEIM (1934). A good score, not amazing since it was Waxman's first effort! Based mostly on a leitmotif technique, as the score progresses (each character having his own theme) the orchestral coloring is var-

ied skillfully, themes getting interwoven, until the climax arrives with its spellbinding "creation" sequence, as all major themes return, full force, in a dazzling crescendo. SON OF FRANKENSTEIN and THE SON OF THE MONSTER were also scored by WOLFRAM Skinner for SON and Hans J. Salter for WOLFRAM in collaboration with Skinner.

Elmer Bernstein's score for the 3-D cheapie ROBOT MONSTER, was effective and percussive. It's curious how Goldsmith's APES score, with its nervous piano agitates, harks back to the genre goes his imagination. Goldsmith was never scored for sci-fi. His scores were also composed for Roger Corman, but guided by talents such as Ronald Stein and Leonard Hafferman.

Bernard Herrmann's large quantity of film work in fantasy films is largely based on his feeling that the genre goes his imagination and creativity full sway. He was originally signed to score 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY, but quit over a disagreement with Kubrick. Then Alex North was signed up and composed a score which was never used. Instead, Kubrick insisted on playing pseudo-intellectual games by using "classical" music; but after the Ligeti piece was heard, it hardly mattered what music followed, for the process of programming were successfully shattered. "Blue Danube," with its Viennese connotations, was regularly incorporated into the score, none of the needed awe and wonder of space travel.

It would like to call attention to a newly formed organization for filmisic fans called THE NATIONAL FILMISIC ASSOCIATION. The show is the process of publishing a magazine devoted to filmisic as well as creating an archive of recorded filmisic for regular members to use. If you want more information can receive it by writing me. Richard H. Bush, 28-05 44th St., Long Island City, New York, 11103.

Some points critics of 2001's score may be overlooking. Herrmann, though one of the very greatest, has also had a few "off" moments, having plagiarized himself on various occasions (see Herrmann's score for 2001, nearly identical). No crime in itself, particularly every film score has done it. So, North is good, but hardly perfect for SFilmisic. Variety of mood was what Kubrick needed and got. It would be hard to think of a score could surpass the Ligeti for a cosmically dramatic opener. And "Blue Danube's" obvious symbolism: man finds himself unshaken, never caribound in his gondolas and ships of the past have been transformed into starships: limitless, eternal, universal outerspace is his new and cosmic "waterway." Thus, "Danube" goes full circle and becomes a familiar theme with a broader, richer interpretation. —CTB.

#### FILM INFO & BLOOD BEAST

Dear Sir:

CoF is the most thorough and totally wonderful magazine in the field. Even your ads were more readable than the competition. Congratulations on an honest and much needed effort.

Following are a few more additions for your "Movie Guide":

THE LANTERN (47)—an incredibly true and laudable prehistoric monster-tale plateau effort with Jack Hallyday and Shawn Smith.

THE LEECH WOMAN (59)—Colleen Gray and Grant Williams with some interesting moments and drive! about penial flout.

THE LEOPARD MAN (43)—weak Val Lewton but still an important film with Dennis O'Keefe and Margot.

LOST CITY OF THE JUNGLE (46)—a serial and notable as Lionel Atwill's last film, since he died Age 22 after catching pneumonia on the set.

LURED (47)—not strictly horror fare but a Lucile Ball vehicle with top stars in cameo roles. Karloff's role is a beautiful parody of himself—not to be missed by any of his fans.

A friend told me that the film REVENGE OF THE BLOOD BEAST was released under that title in England, but in the USA it was titled BLOOD BEAST FROM OUTER SPACE! Also, can you shed some light on LOST ISLAND OF KIOGA? It's a dinosaur island film and has monsters on full-strips (a early wily O'Brien character) and I remember is that it was the worst film I ever saw in my entire life.

You've made a tremendous contribution to the serious SFantasy fan who, fed a bland pellet for over ten years, has finally found something more substantial to chew on. David Seroff, Dept. of Classics, Graduate School, Harvard University, P.O. Box 25, Cambridge, Mass. 02148.

We were going to review what's known as

the "monster mug" field, or what's left of it, under our Comicbook Council Dept., but we have a policy never to speak ill of the dead. BLOOD BEAST FROM OUTER SPACE was released in Dec. '67, starring John Saxon, Maurice Denham, dir. John Gilling (British prod.), a half-man, half-beast invader from one of Jupiter's moons appears in London to kidnap young women for his planet for the creation of a new generation. (84 mins. in color).

LOST ISLAND OF KIOGA & Republic's 100 minute feature version of the same. "3rd serial HAWK OF THE WILDERNESS. More details are in the 2nd part of our "L" listings in CoF No. 14.—CTB.

#### THE LATE SHOW

Dear CoF:

Because of network decisions the very thing everyone used to consider classics are now rarely seen except for spots on Late Late Shows every few years and only so-so movies find in most of the other film-time slots. For instance, what was the last time THE TIME MACHINE was seen, uncult? Not to mention other immortal films. Being said TV's forte is in running such spots for places like the Museum of Modern Art and such films might vanish for good. What good will TV be?

Maybe there might be a way. By writing to those characters who select films for TV (and the how they select them) and for these films, and many other films of other genres which might be saved from rotting away in back rooms and in stacks, they could just send one letter, or postcard at least, to all stations or networks.

Lester Karpman, 59-18 Crocheron Ave., Flushing, N.Y. 11358.

And things may be getting worse in certain areas of the TV industry, i.e., the Networked Co. has passed laws which are crippling the industry. Recent network layoffs have been 15% to 20%. CBS has just fired more than 300 people. In national terms, this translates into thousands of TV layoffs.—CTB.

#### HAMMER

Dear CoF:

Immensely enjoyed your Fantasy Film News, the Bradbury Interview, TV Movie-News, Mini-Reviews and World of Fandom. Let's have more articles on Hammer—good or bad, this company has always turned out fine fantasy films. I was surprised to find NIGEL MAIZE, a low suspense film starring Moira Redmond and David Knight, a Hammer Production, directed by Freddie Francis. Although little too stretched out at times, NIGHTMARE is still a shockingly well-made hair-raiser.—You have far surpassed your competition. Thanks for a fine (and AOUT!, thank God!) fantasy filmisic. Kevin Pagan, 11 Willets Ct., Rockville Center, L.I., New York 11576.

...Marking the end of another round of letters.

THINGS TO COME: While Peter Oyer's HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS (covering the genre up to the late Fifties) ends in this issue, another large listing which covers suspense film from the late Fifties till now, starts several issues hence. Also being planned for the future: THE WORLD OF G. O. L. L.E.S.: Interviews with Irwin Allen, John Cardinale, Roger Corman, Vincent Price, Jack Nicholson, Peter Cushing, Stanley Kubrick, and many others.

Letters of comment should be sent to: Letters Dept. GOTHIC CASTLE 509 5th Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017.

#### TOPS ALL HORROR SHOWS!

MONSTER DRACULA WOLFMAN MADMAN

HOUSE OF BECK

having her character disappear into the past, the heroine role being assumed by both Nancy Barrett and Kathryn Leigh-Scott. The nature of the program allows actors to be "killed" and return from time to time as ghosts, which at least provides a sort of job security.

Visually **DARK SHADOWS** is the best TV serial yet aired. The lighting and use of color are excellent, and the sheer number and variety of sets must set a soap opera record. The budget apparently doesn't allow for re-taping, so every fluff, camera misdirection, visible crewmember and production error is left in, endowing the show with some of the excitement and human interest which made live TV so much fun back in the dear, dead Fifties. Nothing arouses audience empathy more than the sight of a harried actor groping for forgotten lines while trying to steal a discreet glimpse of the cue card.

Despite the occasional mistakes, or maybe because of them, **DS** is highly enjoyable. The entire cast has been able and often better than the material, and the directors frequently work out some stylish effects and unexpectedly nice touches.

The writers have borrowed liberally from **DRACULA**, **FRANKENSTEIN**, **BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**, **THE WOLF MAN**, **THE PREMATURE BURIAL**, **THE UNDEAD**, and **THE INNOCENTS**, among others, giving the going-on an affecting sub-classical Old/New quality.

All concerned seem to be having a good time, even when confused, and the fun is contagious.

MAYBE NOT TO Cleveland Amory, but to your CoF reviewer at least. And, these days, who else can you trust? — Joe Dante —



## REVIEWERS

**ANGEL LEVINE** (104 mins—UA, '70). Not bad, but director Melamud takes of poor woebegone N.Y. Jewish tailor-turned-by black man who insists he's an angel—but he's hardly the comedy its plot suggests—pretty heavy stuff with claustrophobic atmosphere, but well played and offset enough to hold interest. —Zero Mostel, Harry Goldstein, Ida Kaminsky, Milo D'Sha, Ols-Janis Kadar, Deluxe Color.

**BARBARA** (98 mins—Pia, '68). Pie-release forced, vex-disappointing Roger Vadim comic strip-based sex "spectacle." Space-age as-tro-tail (well played by Jane Fonda) takes playful sexual encounters, lights strange menage in year 40,000. Puerile script substitutes Playmate's Party Joke innuendoes for wit and satire. Special effects surprisingly low-grade. Claude Renoir's photography uncharacteristically mundane, lousy musical score. A real dud except for Anita Pallenberg as the Black Queen. Talented cast has little to do. —David Henderson, Marcel Carné, Tognazzi, Milo D'Sha, Panavision, Color.

**BEST OF BLOOD** (80 mins—Hemisphere, '70). Third in what could generously be called the Blood Island Trilogy, filmed in Manila by the repeatedly prolific Eddie Romero with all the clan of a Filipino Edward G. Robinson doctor experiments on the natives again until John Ashley, yes, saves the day. Ancient, plenty of ooga bo, red blood and weird yam. —Cecile Yarnall, Eddie Garcia, Eastman Color.

**BENEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES** (95 mins—Fox, '70). (To be re-released this spring as part of double-bill with **PLANET OF THE APES**.) Lots of favorite clichés in somewhat hasty sequel to slightly overrated **APES** original: earth in ruins, mutated underground creatures, cult of worshipers The Bomb, etc. Brisk direction by Ted Post compensates for plot familiarity, but for false signs of originality, cutting. Some fine visuals, nevertheless. —James Franciscus, Charlton Heston, Linda Harrison, James Gregory, Victor Mature, Kim Hunter, Panavision, Deluxe Color. (See CoF no. 35 for complete story.)

**BLOOD IN LONDON** (78 mins—Hemisphere, '69). Micky Doyle directs Victorian era sex comedy about first mid-London whores with a room for every sexual predilection: The Wrestling Room, The Blood Room, The Gothic Room, etc. SP, A grade features MASTIC RIDE, THE WP R.D. type arising. George Sanders walks the line of over acting honors are to be had. David Hemmings, Joanna Pettit, Danny Robin, Dr. Philip Saraffe, Metro-Color.

**BLOOD SWEET** (72 mins—Hemisphere, '69). Color. German chivalry on Poe's *The Pit and the Pendulum* [even more loosely than Cormac's '61 version], heavily cut making too graphic. Count Ragnor, the victim, is dead again from the dead, of course, seeking blood for his immortality serum. Silly, but some unadmittedly cute moments. The director, who coach ride through expressionistic forest, excellent lighting and moodily Bosch-like period interiors. No lead. Karin Dor, Lex Barker, Dr. Harald Reinl, Color.

**BLOOD SUCKERS** (The 82 mins—Ameri-Can, '70). Color. A good idea, but the execution is HORRIBLE. Woefully amateurish omniscient thriller co-scripted by MONSTER MANIA editor James Jones. Sexually explicit horror tales with grade-D production values rivaling **PLANES OF FEAR** and **OUTER SPACE**.

**BLOOD THIRSTY BUTCHERS** (79 mins—Makin, '70). Crazy barber as homicidal killer combine to mutilate victims and sell them as "meat pie" in horrendous sort of unwarranted remake of Tod Slaughter's **THE DEMON BARBER OF FLEET STREET**, a far more palatable version of the subject. Tiny Andy Maitland-directed bottle of a barrel grunge, lots of graphic grue and exposed minds. For strong stomachs and weak minds. —John Miranda, Annin Dor, Lex Barker, Bertwick Kaler, Color.

**BOSTON STRANGLER** (The 114 mins—Fox, '68) re-release. Criticized for good Richard Fleischer him, one of his best since the **NARROW MARGIN** ('52), except for points use of gimmicky multi-track technique. Confessed stranger Gelsbo's sympathetic treatment from Tony Curtis' portrayal. Some humorous sex-humour digressions ill-suited to serious subject, but final half-hour serious and well-done. George Voskovec outstanding as Dan psychic. Peter Fonda, Well-acted by Henry Fonda, George Kennedy, Murray Hamilton, Hurd Hatfield, Panavision, Color.

**BRIDE WERE BLACK** (The 99 mins—Lop-ert, '68). Disappointing sub-Hitchcock suspense from François Truffaut, based on story by late Cornell Woolrich. Peter Fonda, Jeanne Moreau, avenges husband's wedding day murder by systematically killing those responsible. Bernard Herrmann's excellent score, but episodic with astonishing number of mistakes in technique and judgement not to mention continuity. Best as good as **RENNEZ** '62. —Jean-Claude Brialy, Michel Bouquet, Charles Denner, Color.

**BURSTAIN NEMO** (The 106 mins—UNITED CITY 104 mins—MGM, '70). Robert Ryan is a solid cast. Nemo in juvenile but pleasant role. The **STOLEN AIRSHIP** is a good idea, taken to gaudy undersea metropolis of Templar. Nemo's anti-war bent gives redeeming value, specifically to the end, but only the somewhat formless story disappoints. We're awaiting Karel Zeman's **Nemo**—the **STOLEN AIRSHIP** is a good idea, taken to gaudy undersea metropolis of Templar. Nemo's anti-war bent gives redeeming value, specifically to the end, but only the somewhat formless story disappoints. We're awaiting Karel Zeman's **Nemo**—the

**CASTLE KEEP** (105 mins—Col, '68). Scenarist, beautiful and fascinating gothic war fantasy. The **STOLEN AIRSHIP** is a good idea, taken to gaudy undersea metropolis of Templar. Nemo's anti-war bent gives redeeming value, specifically to the end, but only the somewhat formless story disappoints. We're awaiting Karel Zeman's **Nemo**—the **STOLEN AIRSHIP** is a good idea, taken to gaudy undersea metropolis of Templar. Nemo's anti-war bent gives redeeming value, specifically to the end, but only the somewhat formless story disappoints. We're awaiting Karel Zeman's **Nemo**—the

**CASTLE KEEP** (105 mins—Col, '68). Scenarist, beautiful and fascinating gothic war fantasy. The **STOLEN AIRSHIP** is a good idea, taken to gaudy undersea metropolis of Templar. Nemo's anti-war bent gives redeeming value, specifically to the end, but only the somewhat formless story disappoints. We're awaiting Karel Zeman's **Nemo**—the **STOLEN AIRSHIP** is a good idea, taken to gaudy undersea metropolis of Templar. Nemo's anti-war bent gives redeeming value, specifically to the end, but only the somewhat formless story disappoints. We're awaiting Karel Zeman's **Nemo**—the

acted by BURT Lancaster, Patrick O'Neal, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Peter Falk, Al Freeman Jr., Tony Bill, Agnès Haren, others. Dr. Sidney Pollack, Metro-Color.

**COLOSSUS: THE FORBIDDEN PROJECT** (100 mins—Univ., '70). Delayed release of cult, mislabeling 1968 if about (improbable) supercomputer project. The film is a study in the slides to great control of entire world from fallible human beings. Cerebral treatment, concisely and clearly, with a strong philosophical action, and builds up **FAIL SAFE**-level suspense with disarmingly satirical overtones. But overdone in a long version compared to the original computer in **THE INVISIBLE GUY** and 2001. Good musical score by William Colson. —Dr. Joseph Sargent (formerly Hans Gudegast of TV's **RAT PAT RIDE**), Susan Clark, Gordon Pines, William S. Paley, Dr. Joseph Sargent, Panavision, Technicolor.

**CURSE OF THE BLOODHOUNDS** (74 mins—Hemisphere, '68). American western serials newlyweds in '62 Italian pic which has been on TV for years as **SLAUGHTER OF THE MONUMENTS**, and in a longer version besides. No bargain on TV and hardly a worthwhile admission investment. —Walter Brandt, Graziella Tanassi, Dieter Eppler, Dr. Roberto Mauri.

**DANGER: OBVIOUS!** (88 mins—Par, '68). Model of an uncareful, padded-rubber Merlo Bava spoof with some good ideas and a minor-criminal Diabolik outwits police and outwits with a few good ideas. Big budget but little of usual striking Bava lighting and photography, so a few of the sets are disappointing. Very unusual use of color. Strip and visual approximations, and overall direction is clever and better than **BARBARA**. —RELL, but enough to make a good copy. Meli looks grand and pic is watchable, but definitely one of Bava's lesser efforts. —John P. Law, J. Edgar, Metro-Color, Eastman Color.

**DECADE** (113 mins—AIP, '69). AIP's highly-touted "biggest production to date" mixes ugly sex teasing, obscuring symbolism and surrealism to produce a veneer in tortuous **CITIZEN KANE**-inspired version of **DECADE**'s life and crimes. Promising approach, but the film is a mess. The perversion herein is diving into a bed of roses with his pants on and pouring wine over everybody. Aida Cavalli, Giulio, Santa Gerger, John Huston, Lilli Palmer, C. C. Endfield, with an uncredited (thankfully) assist from Stephen P. Roth, Color, Panavision.

**DEADLY SWEET** (87 mins—Fox, '69). A good, engaging, and well-made film. Cliches and devices, lead to barely discernible mystery about strange murders, intriguing by the way. The film is a mess. The perversion herein is diving into a bed of roses with his pants on and pouring wine over everybody. Aida Cavalli, Giulio, Santa Gerger, John Huston, Lilli Palmer, C. C. Endfield, with an uncredited (thankfully) assist from Stephen P. Roth, Color, Panavision.

**DESTROY ALL MONSTERS** (88 mins—Toho, '68). An army of Japanese monsters (Godzilla, Mothra, Rodan, Angira, Korosoro, Baragon, an unidentified giant spider and possibly Horny Godzilla Jr.) knock over cardboard world capitals at behest of aliens from planet Kilaak. Mostly dull, often impossible to follow, but the climactic scene where Godzilla vs. Ghidorah in an orgy of stomping, biting and lightning dirty, is good for some easy laughs. Effects by the Toho studio are good, but the film is dominated by (sorry, Eiji). —Akira Kubo, Jun Tazaki, Eiji Shinozaki, Natori Sogai, Dir. Ishiro Honda, Toho, Color.

**DEVIL'S BRIDE** (The 95 mins—Fox, '68). Erratic Hammer version of Dennis Wheatley's black and white novel. The film is a mess. The perversion herein is diving into a bed of roses with his pants on and pouring wine over everybody. Aida Cavalli, Giulio, Santa Gerger, John Huston, Lilli Palmer, C. C. Endfield, with an uncredited (thankfully) assist from Stephen P. Roth, Color, Panavision.

**DUNWICH HORROR** (The 90 mins—AIP, '68). A horror originally supposed to be a story bites the dust again in cliché-crippled grade-B effort with Sandra Dee (good Lord!) in a very minor role. The film is a mess. The perversion herein is diving into a bed of roses with his pants on and pouring wine over everybody. Aida Cavalli, Giulio, Santa Gerger, John Huston, Lilli Palmer, C. C. Endfield, with an uncredited (thankfully) assist from Stephen P. Roth, Color, Panavision.

**DUNWICH HORROR** (The 90 mins—AIP, '68). A horror originally supposed to be a story bites the dust again in cliché-crippled grade-B effort with Sandra Dee (good Lord!) in a very minor role. The film is a mess. The perversion herein is diving into a bed of roses with his pants on and pouring wine over everybody. Aida Cavalli, Giulio, Santa Gerger, John Huston, Lilli Palmer, C. C. Endfield, with an uncredited (thankfully) assist from Stephen P. Roth, Color, Panavision.

**DUNWICH HORROR** (The 90 mins—AIP, '68). A horror originally supposed to be a story bites the dust again in cliché-crippled grade-B effort with Sandra Dee (good Lord!) in a very minor role. The film is a mess. The perversion herein is diving into a bed of roses with his pants on and pouring wine over everybody. Aida Cavalli, Giulio, Santa Gerger, John Huston, Lilli Palmer, C. C. Endfield, with an uncredited (thankfully) assist from Stephen P. Roth, Color, Panavision.

**DUNWICH HORROR** (The 90 mins—AIP, '68). A horror originally supposed to be a story bites the dust again in cliché-crippled grade-B effort with Sandra Dee (good Lord!) in a very minor role. The film is a mess. The perversion herein is diving into a bed of roses with his pants on and pouring wine over everybody. Aida Cavalli, Giulio, Santa Gerger, John Huston, Lilli Palmer, C. C. Endfield, with an uncredited (thankfully) assist from Stephen P. Roth, Color, Panavision.

"The pictorial consumer age is dead. The iconic age is upon us . . . Today the comic strip is close to the pre-print woodcut and manuscript form of expression . . . the cartoon is a do-it-yourself form of experience that has developed on ever more vigorous life as the electric age advanced. . . . The first comic books appeared in 1935. Not having anything connected or literary about them, and being as difficult to decipher as the Book of Kells, they caught on with the young. The elders of the tribe, who had never noticed that the ordinary newspaper was as frantic as a surrealist art exhibition, could hardly be expected to notice that the comic books were as exotic as eight-century illuminations. So, having noticed nothing about the form, they could discern nothing of the contents, either . . . Our need now is to understand the formal character of print, comic and cartoon, both as challenging and changing the consumer-culture of film, photo, and press. There is no single approach to this task, and no single observation or idea that can solve so complex a problem in changing human perception."

-Marshall McLuhan



by The Comic Book Council

Now that the dust has settled, one thing has become eminently clear regarding the positions of both of the two major comic book producers.

Superman/DC has definitely taken the lead over the Marvel Group...and it's really such a tremendous lead that it's virtually like night and day!

This all despite the fact Marvel's tried desperately for many months to upgrade its flagging quality. Sans Kirby, Steranko and others, however, it's been virtually a treadmill race. Though Marvel has arisen from nearly two years of unspeakable substandard with certain slight improvements in art and story quality, compared with DC's rise the results are insignificant.

In attempting to relate more closely to a mod, "now" mood, under the realization that youth (even children) have an aversion to comics styles prevalent in the 50's and even mid-60's, both DC and Marvel have been working at moving away from the old image toward a new one. But the problem is that an oligarchic atmosphere, especially a tight rein on its budget, has militated against any marked improvements in Marvel. Its efforts in bringing about a New and Mod mood have failed because they're plastic, forced, synthetic, vulgarly "sensitive."

On the other hand, DC not only has cultivated a far bigger and better talent pool from which it draws but has diminished and sophisticated its executive oligarchic command. Authority at DC is more delegated and spread out, and prevalent is almost an extraordinary instinctual gut-reaction for what seems relevant and timely.

What makes this quite remarkable is that, until less than 20 months ago, Marvel's and DC's positions were completely reversed. While Marvel was shipping, it still maintained much of the mid-60's mood, while DC was still back in the 50's. The fact, though, is that DC, practically overnight, has learned that to survive it had to become managerially flexible from top to bottom. Thus, unilateral rigidity seems to be the bane of Marvel.

AMAZING ADVENTURES (no.4) has one of Kirby's final stints with Marvel—an uninspired, rushed job on the Inhumans with the story to boot. And a smattering of "social consciousness" is in Mimi Gold's story of The Black Widow, interestingly penciled by Colan, inked by Everett, particularly temperature-raising scenes of the sexy Widow posing curvaceously in well-fitting tights (which is probably the high-

light of the whole issue). Issue no.5 rates much higher automatically with Neal Adams, assisted by Palmer's inks doing the Inhumans, whose story potential is utterly garbled and obfuscated by the usual preponderance of superhero and anti-superhero types that are the bane of most books in the genre—and so much padding if anyone should ask us.

TOWER OF SHADOWS (no.9) plays a saw-saw, musical chairs game as most if not all Marvels tend to do. Though the bulk is reprint matter, they're surprisingly far to middling (though the reproduction is far below par in spots) instead of usually rotten. Lovecraft's "Pickman's Model" manages to generate rich mood and quality when not muted by Code brainwash. Palmer's art seems sterile, though.

TOWER OF SHADOWS (no.10) has been unceremoniously retitled CREATURES ON THE LOOSE. If not for the short adaptation of the fabulous Robert E. Howard's "King Kull," embellished by fine Bernie Wrightson work, this could be one of the worst books ever published due to a god-awful reprint sharing the rest of the issue.

THE AVENGERS (no.86) has something the bubble-gum set might appreciate: conspiracy plot about mutation child with evil intent on finally blowing up earth, etc. Writing (as with overall idea) is asinine: on his way in developing super-brain power, the mutant experiments in his lab & sez, "I have but to mix these two chemicals—and I would create the first true universal solvent. It would dissolve anything it touched. Of course, there is the dilemma of what I would keep it in." Answer: the old comic book Marvel file.

SPIDER-MAN (no.95) is almost a couple of notches above the average Marvel story-art talent depression (or Nixon "recession"?). Personally, there's always more to be said, in our books, about developing characterization and mood around ONE central character, like Spidey, than superhero circuses & conventions where every other figure, when not a roaring monstrosity, is donned in one style of superherotic garb or another. For a change, this was a pretty fine Marvel book, with Romita-Baronessa art in great form.

AVENGERS (no.85) is typical of current superhero overcrowding together with their weird adversaries and assorted glandular monstrosities. There's also a point where reader endurance reaches a point of no

Continued

"SPA FON!"

# 

An exciting bi-monthly publication dedicated to reprinting the classics of the comic strip\* from the 1930's and 1940's.

Alex Raymond's Secret Agent X-9, the daily Flash Gordon strip, vintage Mickey Mouse, Tailspin Tommy, Brick Bradford, Roy Crane's Wash Tubbs and Captain Easy plus many other greats.

**SINGLE COPY: \$6.95**



# 

AND THE PIRATES



Comic strips have never been the same since that day in 1934 when Terry Lee and Pat Ryan sailed into the China Sea! View the Orient as it was and never will be again as **TERRY AND THE PIRATES** set sail again in Nostalgia Press' bound volume which bring you this strip from its very first day!

**\$14.50**

LEE FALK'S

# 

the MAGICIAN

When these two hats get tossed into the ring, anything can happen and usually does! Lee Falk has been mixing the real and the fantastic for years ever since 1934! Phil Davis added the art that kept **MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN** filled with excitement! See how it all began...



**\$7.95**

# 

IN SLUMBERLAND  
by Winsor McCay

Little Nemo was the most remarkable comic strip fantasy ever created. Week after week, Winsor McCay created a profusion of scenes of wonder that are unmatched anywhere for their sheer fantasy and inventiveness. Today the reputation of this magnificent strip is growing by leaps and bounds.

Thirty full-page reproductions are taken directly from the original drawings created over fifty years ago —

**\$3.95**



GEORGE HERRIMAN'S

When that brick connects, the whole world turns on in Coconino County! It's too bad that only the readers of 48 newspapers in the U.S. were able to turn on with it! But that didn't keep George Herriman's **KRAZY KAT** from being one of the most celebrated strips of all time and considered by Gilbert Seldes as one of the highest achievements in popular art. See what Woodrow Wilson read to calm his cabinet, read what c. e. cummings waxed erudite over and what Charles Schultz calls a classic!

168 pages, 8 in color

**\$9.95**

While this ad continues, copies of all the above items will continue being available. But—there's no guarantee that what is listed now will be seen the next issue or the one after. And buying now is like an investment; much better than money in the bank, since each dollar paid on a special book or magazine today may be worth as much as three or four dollars some day. For instance, the Fleisher book "The Great Comic Book Heroes" of several years ago, which sold for about \$7.00 has been out of print for some time and now worth up to \$30.00....The once available Barbour movie serial books, "Serials of Columbo" and "Serials of Republic" (sold thru our pages originally for only \$2) can't be had for less than \$7 each from rare book dealers. So, be wise—Order NOW!

All prices  
above  
include  
postage  
and handling.

Mail off cash, checks or money orders to:  
**GOTHIC CASTLE Publishing Co.,**  
509 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y. 10017

return when every other panel subjects one to unending acrobatics and battles. The Buscema-Palmer art is very good but wasted. [IRON MAN (no.34) fails rather predictably into the same hit-and-miss see-saw pattern as other Marvels: you either get a fair or a bad issue now & then. This number has asserted protagonists with "guest" Nick Fury in cameo taking a little of the bite from an overly familiar, if not done-to-death plot. This is in sharp contrast to issue no. 32 which kept things down to several simple but strong elements of characterization.

**THE HULK:** In its own crude, one-note style, Hulk has an irreproachable quality and "personality" rare or totally unattainable in most Marvel characters. Perhaps some would disagree with the premise that when story-art-character development hinge solely around one central character, the results are bound to be more winning than in crowded conglomerations of Superhero Urban Bright. Because so many of the Hulk plots seem direct lifts from old Universal mad scientist-Frankenstein stories (i.e., no. 134's Golden-Frankenstein takeoff), or merely repeats on old Marvel scripts (endemic with many of the Marvel and non-Marvel comics), gaping uniformity is too often the case. But Hulk is "fun" just the same.

**CAPTAIN AMERICA** is the Marvel Group's big social-consciousness-and-relevancy bag (also tried out irregularly in some of their other titles), and manufactured in tandem with The Falcon, it all comes off pretty sticky and unconvincingly forced. Particularly in no. 134 involving good-and-bad black fighting it out among themselves. No. 136's content is even more ridiculous and inept.

Mad-scientist type becomes a Mr. Hyde after taking a swig of joy-juice, with a variation—he turns into King Kong instead, along with Mole Man as top villain. But the Magic Gorilla-ko reverts to human form and saves everyone's lives in a last minute heroic gesture, which merits these closing lines from Capt. America: "Maybe it finally proved—LOVE is stronger than HATE!" No further comment necessary.

**NEW GODS, THE FOREVER PEOPLE,** and the "new" JIMMY OLSEN are a part of much of DC's new look, the aforementioned titles (plus others up ahead) under the aegis of Jack Kirby. Though all bear more or less, a slight hurried & throw-together quality, there's no mistaking the old Kirby dynamism and magic. What was badly overlooked and lost in Marvel is definitely DC's gain. And all this taken is being put to the fullest possible use: Kirby virtually has carte blanche to exercise his fine writing and unique artistic skills (on which Marvel initially developed its little comics empire years ago)—and he's getting for the first time decent credit for his work, without anyone attempting to hog the spotlight.

**DETECTIVE COMICS** (no. 406, 407) has a fascinating and classical late 30's-early 40's terror-mystery quality lately. Elements are hardly cerebral, but the Brown-Giacola art & O'Neil script work crisply (no. 406/for the proper results, Adams/Giordano art and Robbins story wed together for what could be strictly Hammer Films fare as Man-Bat returns to transform his feline like himself—really cool & far-out). The Bat Girl segment each issue nitty-gritties "adventure" and so on—neatly, crisply presented, but gives off feeling of often being so much filler, with a "quicky" stamp on the Kane/Colella art & Robbins story.

**BATMAN** (227) provides evidence of the gradual but welcome castration of the idiotic Comics Code. The O'Neil script with the Novick/Giordano art blend in nicely into a rather intriguing combo of gothic supernatural and satanism. In no. 229, the satanism angle gets quite a twist (written by Kanigher) and is taut, fast-moving & graphically good.

Each issue the Robin segment (like Bat Girl in Detective) is quite mod-&now, but a little slaphashed, yet better than fair.

**ALL-STAR WESTERN** (3), **THE WITCHING HOUR** (13) and **HOUSE OF SECRETS** (90) must be mentioned practically all in one breath because of containing work by Gray Morrow, beyond doubt one of the world's best illustrators—a great artist who can take even the most pedestrian story and, by dint of talent and terrific layout imagination, can turn it to look like a "classie." Load of kudos to DC for obtaining his services!! The overall effect not only is reminiscent of good, old EC days but almost a smidgeon better, abetted by good art and stories also by Giacola, Orlando, Neil Adams, etc.

**STAR SPANGLED WAR STORIES** and **OUR ARMY AT WAR** (Sgt. Rock) should be discontinued by DC as soon as possible in that they form a basis for the glorification of the most dreadful madness known to man: War. This is sad, for there's a fantastic alibi in Joe Kubert's *Enemy Ace* which sometimes borders on the classical. The only solution and excuse for perpetuation of such publications would depend upon editorial direction advocating usage of materials that truly relate to the socio-economic reasons that war. The fact that war is inspired largely by greed is hardly ever mentioned, nor the fact that "society" has been able to reduce this racket to the extent that it can try to make the masses believe it's all for some undefinable "higher" ideal. Only in more modern times has the war establishment mustered sufficient gall and refined propaganda to the extent it can force via mandatory conscription a vast masses of people to act as pawns at slave wages. The word "mercenary" has dropped out of military idiom for that reason. If the insanity of war-making could ever be remotely justified, at least they had the discretion and honor, during the "old days," to entice some if not all good potential soldiers on the basis of mercenaryship, i.e., good pay, rewards of a battle, etc. While similar forms of involuntary conscription existed always where the profit front-line foot soldier was concerned, there was scarcely any of the propagandistic mumbo-jumbo to drive men into battle that has been immorally manipulated as in modern history. Then, too, there was always a possibility that a very ordinary Greek, Roman, Frenchman or early American, with sufficient education and intelligence, could rise to the top of the heap, i.e., Spartacus, Napoleon, Andrew Jackson, etc. All of them, of course, were at least decent, brave, violent, blood-stained s.o.b.'s part of the time, good common men most of the time, fooling most of the people most of the time, and neither "an freaksakes another time."

Anyhow: a more highly organized society finally created machines, "progress" and finally the Industrial Revolution in the late 18th Century which educated the Establishment in knowing better how to control the System, how to get more by controlling more while doing out as little as possible. Things have really changed very little but control (i.e., exploitation) has become better organized, more sinister. And warfare is an evil by-product.

Perhaps the foregoing may seem over-simplification; perhaps this may also seem a "weed" way to review comics. But in that all media are a part of the wool and skein going into the tapestry of mankind, perhaps it ought to be told more often like it is.

**SON OF TOMAHAWK** (132, 133) takes a bit of the stench away from DC's war junk. It shows what indians had to withstand and that the West wasn't only "won" by hardy pioneers but that the victor to whom the spoils went could've been a rathless rat a lot of the time. Artist Frank Thorne seems like

a posterg of editor Joe Kubert and also reminds one of Howie Post, and he's good.

**PHANTOM STRANGER** (11, 12), **UNEXPECTED** (123), and **HOUSE OF MYSTERY** (190, 191) have risen rather neatly above the Mother Goose level that kept them down till recently. The Phantom gets good graphics treatment by Conway/Aparo backed by a good, eerie Egypto-supernatural tone. A quasi, sub-EC touch mistily overhangs Unexpected; Giordano's art for "Cure of the Sea Hag" grabs good mood—it's about the best yarn in the issue. Toth's style strengthens **HOUSE** no. 190 which isn't as strong as no. 191 that begins without the usual half-ass Cain intro but with a clever little satirical 2-pager instead.

**BRAVE & BOLD** (93) has Denny O'Neil and Neal Adams serving up a corking good fine, weird Batman vs. forces of supernatural evil. Excellent short novella style from start to finish.

**GREEN LANTERN/ARROW** (83) cope with an evil alien who's a dead-ringer for Spino Agnew on the cover but no more scary than the story—all this with Adams/Giordano art is too, too beautiful to be overlooked!!

**BRAVE & BOLD** (93). Denny O'Neil and Neal Adams serve up a grand blend of eerie Batman vs. the forces of supernatural evil. Superb short-novella technique from start to finish.

**JUSTICE LEAGUE OF AMERICA** (86), though an old issue, merits special notice for dignifying the comics genre with a fine ecology theme, top Friedrich O'Neil story and Billin/Gillis art.

**SUPERMAN** (235) furthers the "new" look with small overviews of satirical, clearly juvenile, but who can argue with Super success as No. One best-seller in the field.

**GREEN LANTERN & ARROW** (82) has hard-working O'Neil and Adams/Giordano art neatly teamed together tripping a not-too-light fantastic: strong shadings of Women's Lib in the guise of Harpies, Medusa and giant Amazons beating the hell out of GL & GA and putting down "male chauvinism". Wrightson did one of the pages.

#### OTHER SHAPES & THINGS

If not for Dell's disgraceful assortment of junky looking titles (i.e., GHOST STORIES, etc.), the Charlton Comics would be in a definite lead—except that Steve Ditko is their man-of-the-hour, saving them from total Yeesh-dom with work in GHOSTLY TALES and in GHOST MANOR. While Charlton's Pat Boyette did at one time look like a good potential comer and budding Milt Caniff, all that promise appears to have faded the last couple years, and his style is quite terrible now.

Gold Key should've been declared a disaster area long ago but for their Disney and Walter Lantz line-up—and even these are on shaky ground for being predominantly reprints from the distant past.

A new line called SKYWALD was lately launched by Sol Brodsky, Marvel's former production manager. Titles so far published by Sky are a couple of black and whites, and 25+ unbelievably crude comic titles—the latter so bad that we didn't think it worth the investment (they're old late-40's or early 50's reprints). The b.c.'s purchased with some regret are NIGHTMARE and PSYCHO (each 30¢, large size). Editorial quality of these first issues is "high" enough to earn them the coveted WOODOO TALES Trophy.

Archie Goodwin's orbital re-entry into the Warren camp as assistant editor has been a helpful but only moderate shot in the arm. Story and art quality have definitely risen recently, but some major defects still prevail, such as repetition of the over-worked, done-to-death werewolf-vampire-horror theme (where the least so-called sus-



# FRANKENSTEIN CHAMBER OF HORRORS



Professional-type rubber stamp, looks exactly like the service's famous monogram. The glistening image of Bruce Freshwater's arse crotch. Special \$2.50 (plus 25¢ for postage and handling).



Not only do these sharp plastic teeth give you that Decade look, they also glow in the dark; terrify people by sight and day! In fact, make yourself the toast of the town as they'll all sing to you, "Fangs for the Memory"! \$9.95, plus \$2.00 for postage and handling.



## INSTANT LIFE

A most unusual item which consists of the following: a package of wood, which when immersed in water and subject to light will actually produce a live miniature Echinacea in a few days. A really fascinating experiment for the young and old alike.



Make your own ghosts and speak! They glow in the dark with an eerie light when you apply this substance. Comes in luminous bottles. Hammered, easy to apply with any brush. \$1.75, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



## INFLATABLE COIL SHAKES

**U2N1** This horrid green-and-black snake inflates to a staggering nine feet in length, wraps around you, and can be used to hoist friends, foes, family, etc., or as a terrifically flaccid when you go swimming. \$2.25, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



From it as in the fahrenheit. It will  
catch — it's realistic, too. Drive  
friends and relatives out. Tell your  
age sister you need "special"  
glumes and drive him out. Drive  
everybody out! ... For only 75¢,  
also 35¢ for handbags.



## CRAZY DIGGER

Looks like it's gone through your skull! Amazing, harmless but a pretty illusion nonetheless. Count Dooku has said it leads a lot of promise at blowouts given by Dr. Spider, Fred, Zombi and Count Duggan. \$89, plus \$25 for postage and handling.



**\$1.25 (plus 25¢ for handling and postage)**



Shiny black little creature, just like Count Dracula used to make! (Recommended also by his rival, Count Buttrick!) Clings to wall or window, or can be carried in your pocket and shown at right moment. 75¢, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



Send blank pieces of paper to your friends . . . which have **SECRET MESSAGES** that can be seen only by those sharing the secrets of a Secret Writing **INVISIBLE INK** kit! 75¢, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



Remember Ray Milland in X—THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES? Now you can see through fingers, skin—load in pencil! Warmie zowie! Lasts for years! No electricity! No batteries! Permanent focus! Send \$1, plus 25¢ for postage and handling. Or send \$3.95 for deluxe model.



**SCARFACE** **12**

Earliest plastic scar to give you a properly groomed appearance. Easy to apply and remove. Buy at your local Chapter Leader or the Scar of the Month Club. Look for a full-fledged Hordellberg stadium 88¢, plus 20¢ for postage on headline.



## SNAKE TWIST

This sturdy little monster can be twisted and turned into various positions and shapes. Made of rubber with a wire core. Looks terrifically real! 75¢, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



Heardly realize! Look as if you humped into Jack the Ripper. Look as if Jack the Ripper humped into you. Look as if . . . well, you get the idea: it's pretty ghastly, alright! 75¢ each, plus 25¢ for postage and handling.



SPIDER RING

This alarm-baiting black can-  
crab fits into your finger.  
You control his movements as  
he mysteriously rolls his eyes  
and wiggles his monstrous legs.  
By the way, this is the same  
spider recommended by the  
Black Widow and Ugly An-  
tacid Society. 32¢, plus 25¢ for  
postage and handling.



HYDROLYSIS

Perfect for playing the Mad Doctor, this hypodermic needle is big and official looking. Fills with simulated blood, complete system \$1.50, plus \$2 for postage.



Fascinatingly gruesome replica of the South American Indian trophy. Hang it on your wall, wave it under someone's nose. Bottle it, please & or use it in household items. \$1.30, plus 23¢ for postage and handling.



Please send me the following items whose numbers are circled below:

1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20

Gothic Castle Publishing Co.  
509 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y. 10017

I am enclosing \$..... in (cash), (check), (money order)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_  
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_  
CITY \_\_\_\_\_  
STATE \_\_\_\_\_

poet turns into the creature and eats his victim [of course, if it were a girl now and then it would be another kind of refreshing variation diversion]. Several outstanding defects: Pat Boyette in CREEPY (37); Williamson (Tallapo) in no. 38. High points: the Enrie Colon job and smashing ending in no. 37. Some of Tom Sutton's work is quite good, but gets awfully sloppy at times as in EERIE (32), while Corben's interiors are at least intriguing, though he seems to have mastered the style of drawing ugly girls as the one on this issue's cover. VAMPIRE-LA (10) has good Sutton art, unusually disappointing Reese (and a bad Sutton art issue's end), good Brunner work bogged down by a dull plot, with fine Adams, Graham and Wood work.

In final summation: Many artists are far more capable handling their own stories and should definitely be encouraged in that area. Le Frank Brunner's graphic imagination, hampered by a mediocre script, as in the above case.

#### OF MARGINAL IMPORTANCE:

Art nouveau and pop art freaks must've blown their minds over the new PETER MAX MAGAZINE (No. 1, 75¢). Much has been gnashed out in criticism of Max's million dollar commercialism, and it's all too obvious in this mag version of a head shop; but it's big, colorful (in fact, loaded with great color), with a Wally Wood "bargain of sight." And a big 9½" x 12½" bargain.

In addition to NATIONAL LAMPOON, two other pretty awful "humor," MAD-type imitations have joined the ranks.

BLAST (1) has several very talented guys like Wrightson and Koluta carrying the whole load but handicapped by infernal writing. Odd that the worst art is accredited to anyone—odd, but safe. But for the Koluta-Wrightson touches, the magazine is a Blast all right. As in bomb.

SOMETHING ELSE (1,2) is awarded the extremely rare Yonit Award for exercising the worst possible editorial judgment. When it strikes a rare positive note, then it's in simply bad taste. Pseudo-hippie, vulgarly humorous (cartoon of two black kids writing with chalk "Black is beautiful" and turning white after a fight with chalk), the 2nd issue copied all Yeich & Blech prizes under the sun. Cover "art" shows tombstones of McCartney, Hendrix and Joplin with Lennon in the foreground looking like the very devil himself and holding a satanic trident. Connecting article(s) inside head-line: "John Lennon is Scared... Ritual Murder in California... Devil Music Told Him to Kill." The inscription here that evil beyond belief is haunting the world's heads, rock stars—that something totally outre, supernatural, dreadful, weird and wild is happening all over the world. Is this news? Hardly. How way-out or weird much of it is, though, depends on interpretation. Served up in this fashion, though, it's unspeakable.

Good News For A Change: We're happy to announce that SCREEN STORIES has, for the last several issues, returned to elegance and quality. That's good news, for the majority of popular zovie fan mags aren't good, most only mediocre, while some have little or nothing to do with film-fare (unless the Kennedy, Onassis of the Oasis, or Son of Liz & Dick sound like film fun). The January '71 SS had film-book treatments of "Scrooge," "The Andromeda Strain," "The Owl & the Pussycat," and "There Was A Crooked Man." Plus a filmography of Cary Grant, with 50 scenes of his career.

#### HEAD COMIX

Head comix have recently worried the establishment, and old ladies are clucking away whenever they see them. A reason why establishment wholesalers-publishers are wor-

ried is 'cause many are making a buck without depending on anyone. A regular newswatch, issued by establishment wholesalers, cautioned everyone and the world not to confuse head comix with the so-called regulation ones (especially all those great metaphysical classics approved by the Comics Code). It stated that head comix are godawful, nasty, dirty little things, even stressing obscenity at times (hence to Betty!). But the fact head comix manage to survive and get better known (despite how many times they've been busted and boycotted) constitutes a No-No.

But no matter how good establishment comic book publishing is getting, it's still only scratching the surface of the infinite possibilities and variety of ideas that should be but aren't getting expressed. Not chained down by a Comics Code (to insure only the survival of the richest, biggest companies), head comix are irreverently wild, relevantly funny, obscene, shocking, irreverent and knowledgably as hell.

They all cost 50¢ each and are available from:

The Print Mint, 830 Folger Ave., Berkeley, Calif. 94701. —Print Mint publishes such titles as SAN FRANCISCO COMIC BOOKS—FEED 'N HEADS—SPIFFY STORIES—and many more.

San Francisco Comic Book Co., 3339 23rd St., San Francisco, Cal. 94110.

—Which publishes, notably, SKULL. It even bears an EC Ld. on the cover which stands for "An Exorpsychic Comic."

Radical America (1237 Spaight St., Madison Wis. 53703) publishes RADICAL AMERICA KOMIKS, and features Gil Shelton's "Wonder Wart-Hog" among other goodies.

Lots more titles are available or distributed by some of the above. Real mind blowers all.

That about wraps up all of the mirth and madness for now, y'ang. More of this fantastically stimulating, metaphysically inspirational wit-wit-wisdom next ish.

— Cal Beck —

## HEADITORIAL

RIP-OFF! — Now the illegal, unconstitutional "war" is being spread out by Nixon and other political hoodlums into the rest of South-East Asia: from Vietnam into Laos, Cambodia and adjacent areas! The semi-fictional premise in SEVEN DAYS IN MAY now has become grim reality: a war-acted manipulated military is in virtual control of Government policy; this will not stop but continue, thanks to the black check handed out by political opportunists, cowards and the Nixon Machine. Meantime, a dangerous recession, unending inflation, deepening national poverty, rising unemployment are beginning to combine with a chaotic overseas policy that will only have disastrous consequences, if not a basis for World War III, if matters go on as they are and if the Nixon Administration is allowed to continue unchecked in its criminally irresponsible, schizophrenic course.

The mere thought that Nixon could easily be a candidate for '72 and winner of the next national election is a hideous nightmare that would eventually be shared by everyone. While Lyndon Johnson and some of his Presidential predecessors were also stained by the blood and insanity of war, there were also many residual benefits and a "war-time" prosperity taking away some of the sting. Whether involuntarily or not, the nation was once able to share in the "prizes" of War. Now, very few do; except for Nixon and his "friends." And that's only the first 26 months of Tricky Dick in office! Want to wait around and find out what'll happen till '72, with possibly 48 months

further to go? As Al Jolson used to say, "You ain't seen nothin' yet!"

POT, DRUGS, ETC. — Those who think a "better" world can be the outcome while straightening out evil and all wrongs under the influence of one drug or another are only coping out. As for us, we feel most of the stuff used for a "high" is dangerous, can be crippling and bring about death. While there is some proof that marijuana, mescaline, hash and other mild non-narcotic hallucinogens, used in moderation, aren't even as physically harmful as cigarettes (perhaps even physical panaceas and metaphysically beneficial), tripping out too much of the time is a total cop-out from dealing with all of the crap that's got to get cleaned up.

Too often, big "highs" are attractive to a lot of screwed-up people who can't make out either in an establishment or head-oriented world (sure, we're aware that they're all screwed up by upbringing and environment, for the most part, and aren't really to blame; but at this time one can't baby-sit and rehabilitate them when there's Augean work ahead). You know what they're like by now: their confusion and frustration is taken out upon college campuses. Granted the campuses are no place for ROTC and business corporations to round up zombies for their treadmill with all their big, glaring flaws (including courses that are pure, time-wasting junk), colleges are among the last few spots on earth where some good life can be found. Ripping off campuses while there are those around seeking to better themselves and the world is intolerable! Like the rip-off certain morons pulled last year up at Buffalo S.U.'s Film Festival: to settle some paranoid grievance, a group of retarded "militants" purposely destroyed a print of 2001 and tore up the movie screen. Straightening out inequities on campuses or off is one thing; but for fun's sake above, complete election off the campus should be the only solution.

CoF RAPPINGS — This issue marks the return of our one and only Beaming Rhob Stewart after a sabbatical of several years. Now back in his managing editor's chair, Rhob commutes between Boston.

CoF's new editorial associate, Buddy Weiss, abandoned his titles and estate after visiting England early last fall and, thus, no longer can lay claim to McWeiss Abbey nor being Sir Buddington McWeiss... perhaps the only case of an American visiting Old Blighty and returning title-less—sch, tch, and well as ts, ki, and alas.... Another Bostonian, "head" of CoF's Film News dept., is our own resident combo Earl Wilson/Winchell, Francis Philip Moschovitz. Expertise at karate and contributing editor to Black Belt magazine, he's sometimes called Phil the Enforcer, and the pride of CoF (no truth to the rumor that he's also the Boston Beantown Chopper).

IN THE NEXT ISSUE — THE RAY HARRYHAUSEN STORY: H.P. LOVECRAFT in Film & Comic Strip Form; History of SFantasy Film Music; continuation, finally, of the CoF SFantasy Film Checklist; the M Listings: And after years of preparation, THE RONDO HATTON STORY. Also, layouts and story-lines on current films; Lin Carter Looks At Books; a really big letter column, plus various philosophically stimulating items, and the usual quantity and quality of what would go into five or six issues of any good magazine compressed all inside of one issue.

Till next time — Cal Beck —



## THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA

Yes, it's here at last! The full 7-inch feature length edition of the 1925 horror classic can be yours!

Made more than forty years ago, the original PHANTOM OF THE OPERA has never been duplicated for their thrills and chills, despite two other versions within the last 55 years.

Now learn about the Dread Curse that hangs over the opera house . . .

See the horrors of the complex maze lying underground, Catacombs . . . An Underground Lake . . . The Stygian Canal . . . The Lair of the Phantom . . . And, horror of horrors, the Phantom's Secret—a scene that evokes all manners of fears and shudders as it has done for generations!

NOW . . . this great masterpiece, sharing the amazing Len Cherry, can be yours for \$48.95 (plus \$1.75 for postage and handling). Run—7 reels—1400 feet.

Gothic Castle Publishing Co.,  
509 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y. 10017

Portrayed by  
**CHRISTOPHER LEE**

## THE ORIGINAL, CLASSIC STORY DRACULA



# DRACULA

ONLY \$5.95

Hear for the first time on record, a dramatization, with music and sounds, of Brom Stoker's classic tale of the macabre. You will be thrilled and chilled as you listen to the story of the most famous fiend of all time, and what happens when he leaves his castle in Transylvania and preys on the teeming metropolis of London . . .

**2 Big 12" LP records (over one hour playing time)**

I am enclosing a check or money order for \$5.95. Please send me my two-record album of Dracula.

Mail to:

## Vampire

**GOthic CASTLE**

509 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y. 10017

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Street \_\_\_\_\_  
City \_\_\_\_\_  
State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip Code \_\_\_\_\_

Over 250 pages historical data; plus 48 glossy pages of Fantasy-Horror stills, many never known to exist.

## AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF THE HORROR FILM

Directory-checklist on 350 Film Greats (inc. cast/prod. credits), plus 14 page index & hundreds of references.  
Formerly 7.95, new special CoF rate only: \$4.95 (post & handling included).

Briefly, this is the most definitive work in print to date on everything from DAS KABINETT DES DR. CALIGARI (1919) to ALPHAVILLE (1965), with snapshots of Cloney (Sr. and Jr.), Karloff, Lugosi, Browning, Lewton, Corman and even Jean Renoir and Jean Cocteau in between. It is also, perhaps, the best work ever published on any particular movie genre, topping even George N. Fenin and William K. Everson's lovable 1962 The Western: From Silents to Cinema.

**GOthic CASTLE, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. 10017**

### CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN'S BOOKSHELF:

ALL PRICES INCLUDE POSTAGE & HANDLING. Order from: GOthic CASTLE, 509 Fifth Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017

75¢ each.

- (1) THE VILLAGE OF THE DAMNED
- (1) ZACHERLEY'S VULTURE STEW
- (1) INVISIBLE MEN
- (1) ALONE BY NIGHT
- (1) SARDONICUS
- (1) ZACHERLEY'S MIDNIGHT SNACKS
- (1) SOME OF YOUR BLOOD
- (1) NIGHT'S BLACK ANGELS
- (1) DEALS WITH THE DEVIL
- (1) THE FRANKENSTEIN READER (\$1.00 special, edited by Calvin T. Beck)

Cover Reproductions of CoF, minus any printed matter on the back (very scarce):

- (1) HANNES BOK'S "Good & Evil" — used as back cover on CoF no. 10 . . . \$4.00.
- (1) CHRIS LEE as FU MANCHU (from 1967 CoF ANNUAL back cover painting by Russ Jones) . . . \$2.00

- (1) GREEN HORNET, front cover for CoF no. 10 . . . \$1.00
- (1) 1967 CoF FEARBOOK front cover, by Russ Jones . . . \$1.00

### MOVIE STILLs On Glossy Stock:

- 2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY: 6 different scenes \$10.00; ten different for \$20, etc.
- HAMMER FILMS: Large selection from "Dr. Jekyll," "Pique of the Zombies," "Horror of Dracula," and many other Hammer: \$2.00 each.
- from UNIVERSAL: A wide variety from Universal's "Golden Age" of the 30's and 40's, including Karloff, Lugosi, etc., plus many scenes . . . \$1.50 each.

### FANTASY/HORROR Film Grab Bag:

Hundreds of different scenes from hundreds of various Fantasy/Horror films from the 30's, 40's to 60's. Too many to list . . . Any ten for \$7.50. Each additional still . . . 75¢ each.

MISCELLANEOUS STILLs, Mostly from non-fantasy films—Grab Bag: 20 different stills . . . \$10.00  
30 different stills . . . \$18.00  
Special: 100 different . . . \$38.00

### More Books:

"THE OLD MOVIES"—\$7.00 per vol. Extraordinary movie history, synopses, photos galore, lobby posters, plus notes and guides. By the publishers of the fabulous SERIALS OF REPUBLIC, SERIALS OF COLUMBIA, etc. In Five Volumes . . . \$7.00 each.  
Vol. One—B WESTERNS  
Vol. Two—THE SERIALS  
Vol. Three—B WESTERNS  
Vol. Four—SERIALS  
Vol. Five—MORE WESTERNS

### Art Work by GRAY MORROW:

"DARK DOMAIN" — \$7.00.

64 large 8 1/2 x 11 pages of art work by one of the greatest illustrators of the 20th century. Famous also for his early work in EC horror comics and similar magazines in the genre. A collector's item!

All prices listed include postage and handling. Send cash, check or money order to: GOthic CASTLE, 509 Fifth Ave. New York, New York 10017



NOW! \$3.98 &  
\$5.95 versions **8mm Horror Films**



**SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**—A ringing thunderstorm! Earle's superior to the original say some.



**BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**—

**BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN**—Mad scientists create bride for Frank! See her brought to life!



**FRANKENSTEIN MEETS THE WOLF MAN**—Two incredible creatures clash! Lugosi vs. Cheney!



**ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET FRANKENSTEIN**—Also Dracula, the Wolfman and the Invisible Man! Who could ask for more?



**THE CREATURE FROM THE BLACK LAGOON**—Archaeologists vs. the Gillman. First of the series.



**Creature Walks Among Us.**

**THE CREATURE WALKS AMONG US**—Second in the Gillman series. See him leave a wake of destruction!



**Revenge of the Creature**

**REVENGE OF THE CREATURE**—Panic in a sea town as the Gillman threatens!



**ABBOTT AND COSTELLO MEET THE INVISIBLE MAN**—Weird drugs turn humans into monsters! Excellent satire.



**ONE MILLION B.C.**—The original... with Victor Mature vs. primitive dinosaurs! Volcanoes erupt!



**THE MUMMY**—Reincarnation spans 3700 years on Karloff appears in one of his most famous roles!

**THE MUMMY**—Reincarnation spans 3700 years on Karloff appears in one of his most famous roles!



**THE MUMMY'S TOMB**—Len Chenery Jr. strikes fear in their hearts! A shocking tale... and also people!



**ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW**

**ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW**—The weirdest space shot ever filmed. It's psychedelic!



**DR. CYCLOPS**—reduces human beings to the size of mice! A classic!



**The Deadly Mantis**

**THE DEADLY MANTIS**—a rampage of destruction! Nothing can stop it!



**TARANTULA**—A gigantic spider is created by a mad scientist!



**DRACULA**—Lugosi's greatest role!



**IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE**—based on a Ray Bradbury story. Richard Carlson battles against time!



**WAR OF THE PLANETS**—Alien kidnap scientist! Exploding missiles!

**WAR OF THE PLANETS**—Alien kidnap scientist! Exploding missiles!



**20,000 MILES FROM EARTH**—It doubles in size every night, wreaking havoc on a terrified populace!



**TOUR OF UNIVERSAL CITY**—See some of the most famous horror studio of these all!



**METROPOLIS**, Fritz Lang's classic which took two years to film, is available in nine (9) long reels. Running time 2 1/4 hours. See the underground cat-woman! See the underground cat-woman! See the underground cat-woman!



**METROPOLIS**, Fritz Lang's classic which took two years to film, is available in nine (9) long reels. Running time 2 1/4 hours. See the underground cat-woman! See the underground cat-woman! See the underground cat-woman!

**METROPOLIS**, Fritz Lang's classic which took two years to film, is available in nine (9) long reels. Running time 2 1/4 hours. See the underground cat-woman! See the underground cat-woman! See the underground cat-woman!



**METROPOLIS**, Fritz Lang's classic which took two years to film, is available in nine (9) long reels. Running time 2 1/4 hours. See the underground cat-woman! See the underground cat-woman! See the underground cat-woman!



**METROPOLIS**, Fritz Lang's classic which took two years to film, is available in nine (9) long reels. Running time 2 1/4 hours. See the underground cat-woman! See the underground cat-woman! See the underground cat-woman!

**METROPOLIS**, Fritz Lang's classic which took two years to film, is available in nine (9) long reels. Running time 2 1/4 hours. See the underground cat-woman! See the underground cat-woman! See the underground cat-woman!

Which do you want, gang? The terrific \$3.98 version or the longer 200 ft. \$5.95 version? Be sure to specify correctly! (On all \$5.95 orders, add 25¢ for postage and handling.) Mail to: **GOTHIC CASTLE, 509 Fifth Ave., New York City, N. Y. 10017.**

\$3.98 \$5.95

- ☐ SON OF FRANKENSTEIN
- ☐ BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN
- ☐ FRANKIE MEETS WOLFMAN
- ☐ A & C MEET FRANKENSTEIN
- ☐ CREATURE FROM LAGOON
- ☐ CREATURE WALKS AMONG US
- ☐ REVENGE OF CREATURE
- ☐ A & C MEET J & H
- ☐ ONE MILLION B. C.
- ☐ THE MUMMY

\$3.98 \$5.95

- ☐ MUMMY'S TOMB
- ☐ A & C GO TO MAAS
- ☐ DR. CYCLOPS
- ☐ DEADLY MANTIS
- ☐ TARANTULA
- ☐ DRACULA
- ☐ FROM OUTER SPACE
- ☐ WAR OF PLANETS
- ☐ 20,000 MILES
- ☐ TOUR UNIVERSAL

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_

State \_\_\_\_\_

Zip \_\_\_\_\_

(Important) All titles above available in Super 8. If you own a Super 8 projector, add 60¢ to each \$3.98 film ordered and 25¢ to each \$5.95 film ordered.

**METROPOLIS**

Gothic Castle Publishing Co.,  
509 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y. 10017





# BACK ISSUE DEPT.



**#1** —SPECIAL COLLECTOR'S EDITION—THE MUMMY THROUGH THE AGES; THE HORIS KARLOFF STORY; picture-photos on TIME MACHINE, WOMAN EATER, JACK THE LUTTER, SEVENTH SEAL, PIT AND THE PENDULUM, FRANKENSTEIN 1970, TINGLER, GIANT BEYOND, MYSTERY, ALLIGATOR PEOPLE, DARYL O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE, MOUND OF THE BASKETVILLE, AND HAVE ROCKET WILL TRAVEL; Profiles of monster carnoy TV JESSE, Japanese monsters; BRITISH MONSTERS.



**#2** —VAMPIRE—A 6-page horror comic story written and illustrated by Larry Ivie; THE MANY FACES OF CHRISTOPHER LEE; picture-stories on REMOVAL OF THE NUNCHUCK OF MISS DAME, the 1952 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA and the 1962 CANNIBAL OF CALIFORNIA; American International Nite; EARLY YEARS OF FRANKENSTEIN, a screen history plus analysis; Larry Ivie on super-heroes—THE DAY MEN FLEW; Charles Collins on film.



**#3** —THE FIRST FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN—screenplays of HORIS KARLOFF STORY; beginning of LON CHANEY JR. STORY; Larry Ivie on more super-heroes; picture-stories on WHAT EVER HAPPENED TO BABY INNET, DAY OF THE TRIPLIDS, THE RAVIN, CAPTAIN SINBAD AND NIGHT CREATURES; Mary Shelley and the BIRTH OF FRANKENSTEIN; Charles Collins on Shirley Jackson and Ray Bradbury; Larry Ivie on FRANKENSTEIN TWILIGHT ZONE; TEEN-AGE MONSTER MAKERS.



**#4** —SPECIAL VAMPIRE ISSUE: picture-stories on NOSFERATU; KISS OF THE VAMPIRE, BLACK SUNDAY and BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE; Mike Perry on historical, literary and film vampires; Bram Stoker's autograph; foreign vampires in CONTINENTAL CREATURES; part 2 of LON CHANEY JR. STORY; QUE FEATHERED FENDS—birds in horror films; LEGEND OF THE MUMMY; picture-stories on FREAKS and THE NAUGHTING; Charles Collins on lovecraft; WONDERFUL WORLD OF GEORGE PAL; Al Hirschfeld's caricature of DR. MC FRANKENSTEIN; RADIOGUIDE; FRANKENSTEIN MOVIEGUIDE.



**#9** —Exclusive question-and-answer style interview with Boris Karloff; picture-review of ABC-TV's BATMAN, with the Joker in full-color; lengthy biography (and film checklist) of Laird Cregar by Robert C. Raman; complete Ramon's biography of contemporary villain Victor Varso; picture-reviews of JUDAX and FANTOMAS (both 1917 and 1964); cartoons; first Colaredicta column; coverage of Germany's horror film; review; TV Movieguide "E" and "H"; Interviews: Barbara Steele, JACK THE RUPPER, BRIDE OF FRANKENSTEIN; centerfold special; Mike Perry reports on the Fantastic European Screen Score; BATMAN book cover.



**#10** —Barry Brown reveals The True Facts Behind Bela Lugosi's Tragic Drug Addiction; first part of lengthy interview with Christopher Lee; the story of a real KING KONG; interview with Lon Chaney Jr.; reviews of BATMAN, THESE ARE THE DAMNED and CURSE OF THE FLY; picture-story on THE ADVENTURES OF BATMAN AND BOO; Frankenstein TV Movieguide "G" and "H" Interviews; book reviews; biography of Col book critic Lin Carter; WIT! Elmer's The Spirit; fantasy reviews by Mike McIntyre; full color book cover by famed fantasy illustrator HENNES KOK.



**#11**—hundreds of facts in The Star Trek Story; Ninety an Episode; Star Trek Forever, An Endorsement by Col. Beck; Soufers Do Exist; William Shatner, Ray Thorne and Stuart Whitman; Col. Interview: Christopher Lee (part two); Col. Returns to Hammer Studios; Donald Phelps enters THE HORROR CHAMBER OF DR. FAUSTUS . . . and lives to tell about it, 1966 Movieguide; listing details of fantasy film personalities; The Man Behind the Comics focuses on Marvel's mighty Jim Steranko, author-illustrator of Nick Fury; Col. Beck reviews THE BRIDES OF FU MANCHU; Frankenstein Movieguide lists films beginning with "F" and "J"; a look at Cemetery Books; The Year in Horror-Fantasy Books; full details on Wally Wood's Wizard, full color book cover by Hennes Kok; suitable for traveling; Frankenstein Movieguide.



**#12**—World of Comic Books. The, by now, famous LEE issues, namely Stan of Marvel and Chris of Nemesis, etc. (in the 3rd & final part of the interview), Frank Rossner's job SMASH GORDON comic strip writer; the sexual CONJURER Storyline comic strip; thriller in material and eulogy by CTS in THE AVENGERS; the Movieguide "K" link, CTS on Starlings and PLANET OF THE APES (preview), with exclusive Evans-APE movie shorts; first appearance of Col's official The Comic Book Censored; Don Bolin and Lin Carter look at Col's "FANTASTIC BODIES" (and many other of the Hammer Film (and many other Starbooks)); full-color book cover of Fox's FANTASTIC FLY; letters, great photos & 110+ & the usual priceless lore.



# DID YOU MISS ANY?



#5—Noted film historian William K. "Silents Please" Escovar recalls his personal encounters with Lure in the PETER LORE STORY—with checklist of all Lore film; picture-story review of EVIL OF FRANKENSTEIN; leading thorough expert Dick Lupoff describes MONSTERS OF EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS—with illustrations by Frank Frazetta, Reed Crandall, Larry Ivie and Al Wilkerson; OUTER LIMITS; interview with Arthur Lubin, director of 1943 PHANTOM OF THE OPERA; and COF OLDIES BUT GOODIES; fantastic films of IRAN COLEMAN; OUT OF THIS WORLD with Boris Karloff; ADAMS FAMI; rare photo autographed by "off" in 1914.



#6—The second FORGOTTEN FRANKENSTEIN: FANTASY FEST—report on 2nd Trieste Science Fiction Film Festival; HORROR ON THE AIR—nostalgic memories and rare photos of The Showoff, Jerry Sanchez and other great radio fantasists; part 2 of LON CHANEY JR. STORY; questions and answers with Hildebrandt of A HITLER COCKTAIL PARTY; amateur FRANKENSTEIN film, Charles Collins on Robert E. Howard; MONSTERS: four year's worth of CHRIS LEE films; MASQUE OF RED DEATH; UNDERDOG: part 1 of FRANKENSTEIN TV MOVIE-GUIDE listing all horror on TV.



#7—Mike Parry pays a visit to the set of DIE, MONSTER, DIE!; interview with AIP director Daniel Haller; Joseph E. Levine's \$25,000 Member; Robert C. Rowan tells all about the MONSTERS AT THE MUSEUM OF MODERN ART; review of TOMB OF LUGOSI; conclusion of LON CHANEY JR. story; checklist of Chaney Jr.'s film; different versions of SHE PARRY'S EUROPEAN HORROR SCREEN; TV Movieguide "B" listings; LEE & LUGOSI; THE AVENGERS; THE RICHARD BURTON MONSTER.



#8—Behind the Scenes with FU MANCHU and Christopher Lee; David McCullough: The Man from M O N S T E R; William K. Escovar recalls The Last Days of Bela Lugosi; Mike Parry interviews Hammer makeup artist Ray Ashbury; Ending RASPUTIN On the Set at Hammer Lin Center runs up 1945: The Year in Horror-Fantasy books; TV Movieguide "C" listings; In Movie for Mayor poster; BADMAN— from 1942 serial to 1955 TV; SON OF FRANKENSTEIN: posterfold special; two: Escovar vs BUNGE strips; BATMAN back cover.



No.13—Special All-Star Issue: "2001: A Space Odyssey" analysis; interview with RAY BRADBURY: "Planet of the APES Returns" (exclusive secret facts, etc., revealed for the first time!); BASIL RATHBONE interviewed For Last Time; Jonathan Frid profile; coverage & Data on ROSEMARY'S BABY, BARBARILLA, etc.; "CARVAK": comic grafic in the inimitable COF manner; "TV Or Not TV?" (that is a question?); RAQUEL WELCH.



No.14—KARLOFF SPECIAL: "Tribute to Karloff," "My Life As A Monster" by Karloff; HORROR FILM HISTORY: part One RAY BRADBURY interview, pt.2; CARVAK by Bruner, pt.2 (conclusion); STAR-TRUCK debate; THE ILLUSTRATED MAN: Books reviewed by LIN CARTER; FRANKENSTEIN MUST BE DESTROYED; photos from WIZARD OF OZ, GWANGI, etc.



No.15—HISTORY OF HORROR FILMS (Part 2); MAR, COINED reviewed; KARLOFF & HIS LEGACY; THE DOLL LONG BDX, with Vincent Price, reviewed; review of TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA with Chris Lee; Mind Blowing Comics: LITTLE NEMO—SMASH GORDON. MIN BEHIND THE COMICS: Frank Bruner, BE NEATH THE PLANET OF THE APES: 2 different critiques; THE WITCHES BREW: fact article on forgotten cures and medicine; EDITORIAL: BDKK REVIEWS, ad infinitum.





**JOURNAL OF FRANKENSTEIN**—Extremely limited supply available of this rare one-shot, published in 1959. History of European horror films from 1895 to present. Boris Karloff as seen by different writers; picture-stories on **TIN VOYAGE OF SINBAD** and **MOUSE ON THE NAUGHTY HILL**; unmissed fantasy film, **FRANKENSTEIN AT LARGE**; review of *La Fontaine* as *Cleopatra*; biography of horror host **JOHN LACROIX**; parody horror screenplay—**RETURN OF THE BRIDE OF THE SON OF FRANKENSTEIN**; detailed report on horror films of '58.

**IMAGINATION,**



**1967 ANNUAL**—The best from our previous issues along with all-new photos and features: *Kan Beale's* lengthy biography of Boris Karloff; picture-stories on **BLOOD OF THE VAMPIRE**, **NOBLESSE OBLIGE**, **TERROR IN THE CRYPT**, **DARBY O'GILL AND THE LITTLE PEOPLE** and **MARAT/SADE**; The Early Years of *Frankenstein*; coverage of the Second Committee (a convention for comic book fans); TV Movieguide "D" listings.

**SUSPENSE....**



All copies mailed out are sent flat in strong protective envelopes (including all subscription issues).

**CASTLE OF FRANKENSTEIN** back number dept.  
All regular back copies: \$1.00 each

Circle those copies you want:  
No. 4 - No. 5 - No. 7 - No. 8 - No. 9 - No. 10  
No. 12 - No. 13 - 1967 ANNUAL ( ) No. 14 — No. 15

Listed below are numbers now in extremely short supply. Some will be totally unavailable before long. Their prices are dictated on the basis of their rarity & supply on hand, while several obvious ones are limited to a tiny handful. As is always the case, astronomical prices will be listed for some by dealers (who, in most cases, cannot guarantee condition). Even those copies listed above at our nominal back issue rates are known to sell at several times the given rate when appearing on dealers lists.

THE JOURNAL OF FRANKENSTEIN: \$4  
CoF No. 1: \$3 — CoF No. 3: \$3  
CoF No. 2: \$2 CoF No. 6: \$3  
CoF No. 11: \$5

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Mail all cash, checks or money orders to:

Gothic Castle Publishing Co., Inc.  
509 Fifth Ave. - New York, N.Y. 10017

(Canada & Overseas: Add 35 cents per copy.)

#### For Future Issues

\$5.00 for 9 issues — \$10.00 for 20 issues

(Canada & elsewhere, add \$1.50 for 9 issues, \$3.00 for 20 issues.)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

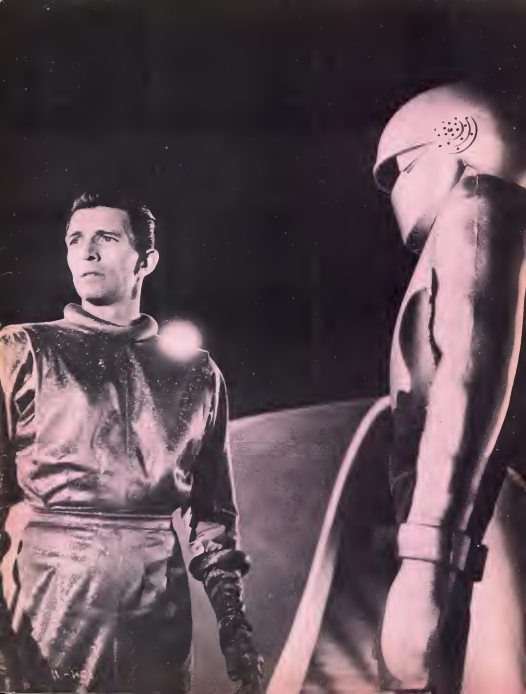
ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

CITY \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_ ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

Mail all cash, checks or money orders to:

**GOTHIC CASTLE - 509 Fifth Ave.,  
New York, N. Y. 10017**







EAT  
IT  
MOD

